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Pro-Slavery.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

The history of party is the history of opinions; and for the last twenty years, in the United States, it has been scarcely more than the history of Abolition. From the origin of the Government to the present time, the antagonism between the North and the South has been steadily developing itself in all the departments of feeling and of thought—in sundering religious associations, controlling literature, and embittering section against section. To counteract this antagonism, all sorts of expedients have been tried. Party organizations, patched-up truces, and shallow compromises, have all had their day, and have all fallen beneath the violence of an inborn, incurable, hopeless malady. The North and the South were never one people, and nothing can ever make them so.

The earlier manifestations of this antagonism took a somewhat different form from that which it now assumes. Bounties, tariffs and discriminations in favour of the North, and against the South, were but the faults of the same germ—sectional lust—and their tendency was, by robbing the South of the just rewards of her labour, to impoverish and weaken her, and thus prepare the way for abolition itself. High tariffs and abolition were but parts of the same policy. Hence the Whig party, which began with the principle of protection, soon became, at the North, the organ of anti-slavery, and continued to sink deeper and deeper into it, until that wing abandoned its own national platform, and went over, "horse, foot and dragoons," to the Abolitionists. It is curious, too, to remark, that as the principles of protection grew weaker, until, in 1852, the Whig Convention practically ignored it in its platform, that of abolition was steadily in the ascendant. Henry Clay, its renowned leader, was then stretched upon his dying bed, and Webster's conservatism was fast tottering beneath the intolerant fanaticism of Seward. The Whig party stood so long as its Northern and Southern wings refrained from sectional tests. The tariff was not a sectional test. It had its friends in both sections of the Union. But abolition was a sectional test, and hence the Northern Whig party, as it gradually became more and more Abolitionized, grew stronger at the North and weaker at the South. As a national party it fell, after having exhausted every expedient to preserve its existence. It fell because anti-slavery at the North is stronger than Whiggery—because it can no longer control the latent antagonism between the North and South.

The Democratic party, too, at the North has had in itself the same element of dissolution. It yielded to the same sectional lust when it passed the tariff of 1828, the force bill, enacted the tariff compromise of '32, and violated it in '42. It had always a greater support in the South, because it avowed the immortal doctrine of State rights and free trade. In 1836, before Abolition had yet acquired full force, it passed, in the Senate, the Atherton resolutions, denying the right of Congress to interfere with slavery; and, a few years after, when Abolition sentiment had more entirely seized upon the North, it threw open the doors of Congress, by the repeal of the twenty-first rule, to petitions aggressive and insulting to the South. The poison of Northern sectionalism was gradually working its way. In 1846, the tariff was modified; the antagonism on this point had grown weaker, and the slavery issue loomed up more fiercely than ever. Slavery was excluded from Oregon by a Democratic Administration, and Wilmot, a Pennsylvania Democrat, introduced his famous proviso. It was the first attempt to exclude the South from the common territory. It laid bare the designs of the North, and the most Union-loving men in the South *felt that there was no hope* [illegible] Northern alliance. When the next Presidential canvass opened, both Whig and Democratic parties attempted to cast out this element of sectional discord and restore their lost nationality. The slavery question was smoothed over in their platforms and pledges of peace given in exchange for the support of the South. They were accepted, and Whiggery, everywhere strengthened by Southerners' confidence in a Southern man, elected General Taylor to the Presidency. He proved false to his pledges, false to his constitutional oath, and false to the South, when he erected California, by military usurpation, into a free State. The disposal of the territories acquired from Mexico next brought up the issue. The Compromise followed, in which the attempt was again made to stifle the antagonism and save the Union. Pledged to its support, both parties went into the last election for President. The Democrats carried the day, and President Pierce was elected. With the hope of driving Abolition forever from the floors of Congress, the Northern Democrats brought forward the Nebraska bill. The Missouri Compromise line, which the South had repeatedly tendered to the North as a settlement of the question, but which they steadily rejected, was repealed, and the lauded Union-saving principles of the Compromise of 1850 reënacted in the Nebraska bill. But anti-slavery, which, in 1820, eagerly acceded to the Missouri line, and, in 1850, robbed the South, by this same compromise, of all her territories, had grown too insolent and powerful now to listen to any further compromises. Squatter sovereignty was good doctrine whereby to exclude the South, but a foul wrong when by it she might colonize Kansas. And what has been the result? The Democratic party, which, like the Whig, had been struggling to preserve the nationality, finds itself, at last, overwhelmed by the sectional issue, and utterly broken up by Abolition. There remains no common platform upon which either the Democratic or the Whig party can unite their Northern and Southern wings. All hopes of national organizations on the basis of either is shown to be hopeless by the history of the North during the past year. The antagonism has triumphed.

Such was the state of the old parties, when, about a year ago, the Know-Nothing order first made its mark in the politics of the country. It pronounced the old parties effete and rotten. It proposed to bury the old issues which had divided the North and the South, and to erect upon their grave a grand comprehensive national idea, which would override all sectional differences, and give peace and security to the Union. Sick as men were of the old parties, disgusted with their vain expedients, and lured by its peculiar principles, the new party gathered to its fold many adherents.

We do not care now to question the justice of the antagonism which this party assumes to exist between the native and foreign born, and which constitutes the chief basis of its organization. We are willing to accept it as a fact. Yet, what do we see? It excludes the foreign element, because it is supposed to be radical, disturbing and antagonistic to a stable nationality, and asserts that the native-born are the only true friends of order, conservatism and the Union. We have the history of the past six months before us to test these principles. The elections at the North came on, and everywhere the "fusion" between Abolition and the new order carried the day. The faith of Southern men began to tremble. What hopes could be had of a national party at all acceptable to the South which signalized its first triumphs in alliance with Free Soilers? But still the cry was kept up. We still heard of the great American national organization, in which the slavery question was to be buried forever. The affiliation with Free Soilers was only a local affair, and all would be put right in time! Events rolled on. The Massachusetts Legislature, in which the Know-Nothings were omnipotent, met, and, in a few short weeks, has given to the world a record of fanaticism, of disgusting rowdyism and shame, which the most degenerate posterity will blush to peruse. In the frenzy of Abolition, they have attempted to make the judiciary, that great stronghold of liberty, the vassal and tool of mob fanaticism, and they are about to nullify the Fugitive Slave law.

The same council for the State of New York have turned their backs upon an effort made by Mr. Fillmore and his friends to stifle the slavery issue in this organization. We might pile proof upon proof to the same effect. Anti-slavery "will not go down" at the North. A party, organized to put down an influence, said to be hostile to the Union, has itself fallen a prey to the same evil. A party, which was to kill sectional differences and consolidate the Union, has, in its first victories, stricken down religious freedom, independence of the judiciary, and raised a fiercer war against the South than ever before. There remains no hope of a national Know-Nothing organization. That party has gone the way of the Democratic and Whig parties.

What is the lesson taught? The North will not abandon the schemes of Abolition. Fanaticism is stronger than parties, and national organizations are impossible which refuse to bow before it. The mask which men, for thirty years, have been throwing over the hideous form of anti-slavery has fallen off, and, unappeased and unappeasable, it presents itself for deadly combat with the South. That the South can touch a national organization which strikes at slavery, is not to be thought of. The day of national parties is therefore at an end. Anti-slavery and aggression upon the South control the North. Must they not destroy the Union?—*Charleston (S. C.) Mercury, May 10.*

MODERN STATE LEGISLATION.

The course of the Massachusetts Legislature at its present session, and of the New York Legislature at the one which has recently terminated, is the subject of severe animadversion among substantial people of both States. Although both bodies are looked upon as the very worst that ever assembled in either State, yet both have been rabid in the extreme on the subject of slavery. Both have been hasty, incautious and extravagant in regard to temperance, seriously damaging the cause which, professedly, they aimed to promote. Mr. Wendell Phillips, an Abolition orator of the first rank, told his anti-slavery audience, at Metropolitan Theatre, that he would not allow a single member of any Legislature to be elected a second time, from the certainty that, however fresh and pure at the outset, they would be corrupted before the close of the first term. He must have had a very just conception of the Legislatures of Massachusetts and New York, but we ask him to look at the example furnished by the long experience of that portion of the Union which he daily stigmatizes as the slave-hunting South. Members chosen for their local Legislatures, and for Congress, are notoriously returned for years together, not only without a single blemish upon their names, but with the highest advantage to their constituents; the result of a conscientious and honourable experience in legislative duties. The difference results mainly from the fact that the small mean men who have reached power through the Temperance and Anti-Slavery excitement go into public life for objects of personal gain, while the Southern legislator, pressed by the circumstances of his condition, surrounded by a population who are kept in restraint by the constant exercise of the power of government, enters public life to secure to the Southern States those blessings of quiet, peace and order, which now so widely prevail. We, unfortunately, have no predominant interest to call for constant watchfulness, prudence and care; and the alarming fact, developed in the experience of Massachusetts and New York, stares us in the face, that most of those who are sent to the Legislature as representatives become unfit to be returned—the result of only a single year's experience in public service. The most eminent examples of integrity in public life among Southern men are those of Randolph of Roanoke, of McKay of North Carolina, and of Calhoun of South Carolina. Whilst Northern members yielded to the clamour of their constituents in advocating such measures as increased the expanding power of the Government, they were invariably on the side of economy, safety and care. Each of these representatives was continued in Congress from their year of eligibility to the close of a long and useful life, proving that the great body of the people fully approved of the principles on which they invariably acted. If we are told that this policy was forced upon them as the necessary result of their condition, and that the opposite policy in the North proceeds from our exemption from conspicuous dangers of any kind existing among our population, does not the fact of the existence of uniform intelligence and integrity in one quarter, and of uniform imprudence in the other, show that the Union is more important in this view to us than to them? We ask Mr. Phillips, whether, if his views of universal freedom were rapidly extended to an ignorant black population, the South would not soon be lowered to the same condition of legislative degradation that we exhibit, so as to require, as he thinks we of the North do, that representatives, as a general rule, should not be reëlected? What a commentary is Mr. Phillips's speech on our boasted freedom. He informs us that the very experience which is required in the South to fit men for public life, and which there is attended with the best results, is the worst preparation in the North which our present representative can possess.

The discussion which the slavery question must now receive throughout the country, while it will develop instances of occasional hardship and damage sufficient to affect weak minds will [illegible] Government, and represses what would otherwise constitute an irresistible popular movement proceeding from the ignorant demagogues in Northern States, who are annually hoisted from a low condition into public eminence and power.

At the present moment, throughout this State, although so much in advance of the day of election, gentlemen who kindly desire to accommodate the city with a railroad in Broadway for private benefit, and others who have plans of a kindred character in other parts of the State, composing the schemers and speculators in legislative jobs, are now busy in selecting their candidates—attaching them to the temperance side where that measure is strong, and to the liquor side where this is in the ascendency, hoping, by their never-tiring energy, to accomplish their selfish objects. It is greatly to the honour of the South that she has never been stained with any such iniquities. But we say to that portion of the community which hitherto has been idle, that a tone and sentiment are now going forth among Northern fanatics, and their coadjutors, of the worst character, and that, in the demagoguism which now extensively prevails, Northern society has a foe of the worst description, which calls for as much energy and zeal, on the part of respectable men, to give security to the future, as roguery exhibits to secure its frequent and disastrous triumphs.—*Journal of Commerce.*

A SOUTHERN VIEW OF THE KANSAS INVASION.

From The Mobile (Ala.) Register.

Under the title of "The First Blood shed in Kansas," it [the *Evening Post*] indulges in an editorial homily on the virtues of obedience to the laws, and in denunciation of the frauds and disorders alleged to have been perpetrated by the Missourians in Kansas. Let us admit its premises in their totality—let us grant that the Missourians have carried matters with a high hand and have acted throughout on the resolution that, right or wrong, peaceably or forcibly, lawfully or against law, they will not permit Kansas to be Abolitionized by Northern Emigration Societies, and their own State to be surrounded on three sides by an Abolition robber community—what then? Does it become one to denounce these proceedings who is himself the advocate of a total ignoring and disregard of a clear and defined provision in the Constitution of the United States requiring the rendition of fugitive slaves? Have not the denunciators of the Missourians set the example of disobedience to law, of disregard of the most vital rights, sacredly guarded by the fundamental and organic law of the country? Or does Abolitionism claim immunity to trample on law in its spirit and acts of aggressions, while the South is to be held strictly to its letter, in defence?

The *Post* may satisfy the mistified minds of its Abolition readers with morals and logic like this, but it cannot impose upon the clear judgment of the Southern people. What we know and feel here is, that we have been unprovokedly, unfraternally, unrighteously and basely assailed in the tenderest points of interest, of safety and honour, and that we will defend ourselves as best we can. Nebraska and Kansas were territorially organized at the same moment. Nebraska was unresistingly given up by us to the North; we made no attempt to colonize it—but to Kansas, lying upon the border of a slave State, we went with our people, our flocks, herds and institutions. We were met there by Abolition emissaries, sent out by a regular organization to crowd us out of the country. Not content with a fair division, the North must absorb and monopolize both Territories. The people of Missouri and Kentucky have interposed to prevent the consummation of this piece of rascality. We trust in Heaven they will be firm in the resolve to prevent it, and leave no means untried to that end. If war comes of it, let it come. It has got to come, sooner or later, for nothing else is going to satisfy the fanatics. It is an issue of their own seeking. They have pushed it upon the South, and, after twenty-five years of backing out and yielding and compromising for the sake of fraternity and the Union, we earnestly pray God that the South has been driven to a standing point, and that Kansas will be the battle-ground to try the question whether we have any rights under this Government, or whether the crime of slaveholding places us beyond the pale of the Constitution, and denudes us of all our privileges as citizens and as men. The consequences, be what they may, will be on the heads of the *Evening Post* and its kindred advisers of Abolitionism. For our part, we would deliberately prefer to shoulder a musket and go to Kansas to-morrow to fight out this long vexatious issue, to live another day under the contumely, the wrongs and humiliations which, as Southern men, we have been suffering for the last twenty years.

The Anglo-French Alliance and Slavery.—It will be recollected that, more than a year since, Lord Clarendon, English Minister for Foreign Affairs, took occasion to say, in the House of Peers, that "the union between the two governments (France and England) is not confined to the Eastern question, but extends to all parts of the world; and that there is no part of the world, on either hemisphere, with regard to which we are not entirely in accord."

General Cass took an early opportunity to call the attention of the American Senate to this declaration. He argued from it that the alliance between France and England not only contemplated interference with Russia on our hemisphere, but was aimed equally at thwarting the expansion of the United States on the other. The South was aroused, and immediately commenced that reaction in the sentiments of our people which resulted in the transfer of their sympathies from the Allies to the Czar. Her fears were not quieted until it was proclaimed through the press that Lord Clarendon had disavowed the construction which General Cass placed upon his language.

What we desire now to do is to lay before our readers, without note or comment, a few of the remarks of Louis Napoleon, in response to the speech of the Lord Mayor of London:

"Indeed, England and France are naturally united on all the great questions of politics and of human progress that agitate the world. From the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Mediterranean—from the Baltic to the Black Sea—*from the desire to abolish slavery to our hopes for the amelioration of all the countries of Europe*—I see, in the moral as in the political world, for our two nations, but one course and one end."

This language can hardly be mistaken. The union between England and France contemplate results in both America and Europe—the *abolition of slavery* in the former, the "amelioration" of all the countries of the latter!—*Savannah (Ga.) Journal.*

Selections.

ATCHISON'S CONSPIRACY.

LETTER FROM GEORGE S. PARKER, EDITOR OF THE PARKVILLE LUMINARY.

The following letter was printed in the *St. Louis Democrat*, of the 16th instant:

St. Louis, May 10, 1855.

Believing D. R. Atchison a dangerous man, the *Luminary* steadily opposed his reelection to the United States Senate, and supported Col. Benton.

The consequences were, he let loose his hireling presses upon that paper, but they got battle to their hearts' content, and retired discomfited from the field. About this time, the self-defensive association was formed at Weston, but the masses put it down. D. R. Atchison, B. F. Stringfellow, J. T. V. Thompson, and others, then organized a secret association. I am informed its members are sworn to secrecy—to turn out and fight when called on from head quarters—to contribute money to carry out the objects of the association—to share equally the damages that may accrue from the overt acts of any of its members, and to carry these points even at the price of disunion. They are bound never to divulge the names of members. Thus their clan can act in concert everywhere at once, and lead the uninitiated to suppose that it is the spontaneous uprising of the whole people, when they number only a corporal's guard. When a man is proscribed, they act in concert to destroy his business and character; and the poor man is ruined without knowing the cause. All Northern men are proscribed and ruined in their business and character, or driven out of the country, who do not subscribe to their most ultra doctrines. In this manner whole communities are overawed. One man said to me in Parkville, "Times are worse here now than they were in France in the days of Robespierre"; others said that this was the first time they were afraid to avow their real sentiments. No one knew when his business would be destroyed, or he be ordered out of the country. In this way, citizens are paralyzed and subdued. They call upon other counties and St. Louis to coöperate and carry on the work. Unscrupulous, they use *any means* to accomplish their purposes. Thus this secret engine of hell is at work, undermining the foundations of all social order, of confidence and public honour.

Emissaries have been sent through the South to organize these associations. One Harvey was sent into Texas the last winter, endorsed and recommended by twenty-three members of the Missouri Legislature. From what I could learn, his mission proved a failure. I heard of but nine members in the State. He was anxious to return to Jefferson City when last heard from. Within [illegible] days since, "that the whole South was organized; that they had decreed the destruction of every Benton press in the State, and a portion of the Whig presses; that they could command any amount of men at a moment's warning, and millions of money; that $500,000 were subscribed in Missouri; that the destruction of the hotel at Kansas, and presses at Lawrence, had been decreed; that they had taken cannon along to demolish them from a distance, so as not to be blown up by the kegs of powder said to be under the building; they would not stop until every Free Soiler and Abolitionist was driven out of Missouri and Kansas; they were prepared for disunion or anything." He was then just out of a secret meeting. These secret meetings are generally held once a week, or at the call of their leaders. There is no doubt but some good men are induced to join this association, and get involved in its meshes before they understand its objects. So, by some overt act, or by bloodshed and murder, they hope gradually to get the North and South to take sides, and bring on civil war and disunion.

The nomination of D. R. Atchison for the Presidency is ominous. Public meetings are called at all the prominent points, where B. F. Stringfellow, J. T. V. Thompson, or other speakers, are generally present to make exciting speeches, and lash to fury the passions of the multitude. Even the Rev. Mr. Kere, chapiain to the army at Fort Leavenworth, left his post and came over into Platte County, and, in a public speech, urged the citizens to extreme measures. Bible in hand, "he scouted the idea of using *honourable means* in this war." H. Rich, suttler at Fort Leavenworth, was ready to mob the man if he did not sanction extreme measures. He that is not for us is against us, is their motto; there can be no middle ground; and they are now busy dragooning the whole community into duty. Envy, prejudice and interest, seemed mixed up and foremost in everything. The spirit of honour, so highly lauded in the days of chivalry, is discarded by these leaders; selfishness, a desire to enjoy and appropriate the labour of others without an equivalent, falsehood and detraction, blindness of intellect, and an infuriated passion that thirsts for bloodshed and all the horrors of civil war, now govern in that devoted region. May the Almighty God make bare his arm to save our country from ruin. The day I left Parkville, Capt. Wallace was busy notifying citizens to leave. I understand one lady, who was teaching school, was ordered to close doors and be off. Some were going, some talked of defending their homes; but they were threatened with thousands of armed men which this secret association could collect at the shortest notice.

Mr. Patterson telegraphed Governor Sterling Price, at Jefferson City, "that the danger was imminent," and asked protection for our lives and property. None was given us. We then telegraphed to the President, but had received no answer when we left. Had one company of troops been ordered from Fort Leavenworth, nine-tenths of our citizens would have rallied to sustain the laws of the country. It is a libel on the fair fame of our citizens to class them all as mobocrats and ruffians. The great masses are right. They are paralyzed by the crisis so suddenly precipitated upon them. They are not prepared to hang their neighbours and destroy their property, or for bloodshed, disunion, or civil strife. But when the constituted authorities of our country call, they will quickly step forth to sustain its laws and its honour.

The whole force of this secret association was brought to bear against *The Luminary*. They acknowledge that they could get no hold of it, and nothing was left but brute force, which they were not unwilling to use, especially when they numbered more than one hundred to one. Dr. Liebe, of Leavenworth, informed me, some time ago, that Wm. W. Miller was placed down at Parkville to drive me off. Stringfellow and he were so counselling in his presence.

From certain indications, we are led to believe that the destruction of *The Luminary press* was determined on months before it was put in execution. Letters were received, asking the price of our press. We offered to sell at a reasonable price, but no trade was consummated. J. T. V. Thompson was heard to declare that the press should be thrown into the Missouri river, and its editors hung. By the way, we had opposed the appointment of that corrupt man to the office of Governor of Kansas, and thereby enkindled his wrath. About the first of March last, after Atchison had left his seat in Congress and returned to Missouri, letters were said to have been received in Parkville, signed by D. R. Atchison, stating that the State no longer desired his services, but he had *other duties* to perform—certain individuals in Parkville peeded his attention. Indeed, from that time, rumours thickened that the press would be destroyed; but we did not alter its tone nor believe it till the deed was done. We have reason to believe that the money was made up to establish the *Southern Democrat* on the ruins of *The Luminary*, and its editors spoken to before it was destroyed. R. S. Kelley, of the *Squatter Sovereign*, received $700 at one time, and expected $1,300 more. Besides, Atchison gets for them the publication of the laws of the United States. Government patronage appears to be at his disposal. His servile tools, the *Examiner, Platte Argus, Squatter Sovereign* and *Kansas Herald*, are the recipients. But they are ready, the moment they have obtained all the patronage at the disposal of the President, to turn against him. Even now, mutterings are heard. He is in danger the moment he disobeys them.

How so small a party exercises so much control, I cannot conceive. A half a dozen members of the secret association, acting in concert all over the country, get up meetings, pass just such resolutions as the leaders want; and the impression goes abroad that all the world and the rest of mankind are moving, when not one in twenty are favourable to the movement. The meeting got up in Parkville, that sanctioned the proceedings of the mob, was of this character. All good citizens in Parkville are opposed to the mob and their action; they did not go out to the meeting. Col. Summers, who was rung in as explaining the object of the meeting, voted against the resolutions. He advocated a resolution declaring that the citizens of Parkville considered their slave property safe in my hands. F. H. McDonald, W. H. Miller, J. B. Ewell, are mere drones—blood-suckers on the community; they own little or no property, and have done nothing to build up the country, but they and a few others are the willing tools of their masters. Are any of the presses in St. Louis apologizing for upholding this association? Do they want to see the same state of things exist in St. Louis, as "the work goes bravely on"? Do they want to see Southern men refusing to trade with Northern men, and Northern men refusing to trade with Southern men, till confidence is destroyed, and that noble class of business men, both from the North and the South, who have given credit and character to St. Louis, driven, by the force of circumstances, to New Orleans, Memphis, Cairo, Alton, Quincy and Burlington? Then farewell to St. Louis and all her greatness. Instead of becoming the great mart of commerce, the seat of American empire, she will dwindle down to the little border town she once was. More anon. George S. Park.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A SLAVEHOLDER.

TWENTY-NINE SLAVES EMANCIPATED.

From the Cincinnati Gazette, May 22.

Over a year since, Mr. Elijah Willis, of Williston, Barnwell District, South Carolina, came to this city and executed, in the office of Joliffe & Gitchell, a will, bequeathing to his wife and h.r heirs and assignees all his property, real and personal, to the value of £150,000, consisting of two plantations well stocked, and from forty to fifty negroes. His wife, Mary Amy Turner, and children, six in number, are mulattoes, and were held by Willis as slaves. Mr. Willis agreed with Messrs. A. H. Ernst, Edward Harwood and John Joliffe, whom he made his executors, that they should be manumitted, and that the executors might dispose of the remainder of the slaves, at his death, as they deemed best. Mr. Willis returned to his plantation.

Yesterday morning, he arrived from the South, on the Jacob Strader, with his wife, her mother and the six children. After securing a hack to convey the family up to the Dumas House, Mr. Willis, with a daughter held by each hand, approached the carriage, and was in the act of stepping in, when he was seized with a palpitation of the heart, to which he was subject, and, falling backwards, expired in about five minutes. Coroner Menzies held an inquest over the body, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the above facts. Mr. Willis was about 60 years of age, a very respectable old gentleman, and has been married to Mary Amy about thirteen years, and always manifested towards her and the children a warm affection.

He has been in bad health several years, and his relatives, who reside in the Barnwell District, have frequently importuned him to give up his business and travel with his family. He left home about four weeks ago, not, as they supposed, to make said trip, but to come to this State, free his family from slavery, and provide them with comfortable houses on free soil. Having done this, it was his intention to return to South Carolina, settle up his affairs, and live the remainder of his life free from all care and anxiety. Bad health for several years was an additional inducement for him to pursue this course.

The remains of Mr. Willis, accompanied by the family, were taken to the Dumas House. The family appears to [illegible] will attend to her business, and see that she obtains that bequeathed to her. The funeral of Mr. Willis will take place to-day.

Those who affect to believe that the abolition of slavery would lead to universal amalgamation at the North will please make a note of the above case.

From the Cincinnati Columbian, May 22.

On the 23d of February, 1854, a fine-looking, corpulent gentleman, apparently about 60 years of age, came to this city in search of Dr. Brisbane, from whom he wished advice as to the proper course to pursue to effectuate the manumission of a number of his slaves. Not readily finding Dr. Brisbane, he obtained the advice of John Joliffe, Esq., and had duplicate wills drawn up. One of these he took with him, and the other he deposited with Mr. Joliffe, to be used if he should die suddenly, and the will in his possession he accidentally or purposely destroyed. He stated that one of his brothers had died very suddenly, and that he himself, being subject to palpitation of the heart, was liable to be also summoned to another world at a moment's notice.

Elijah Willis—that was his name—staid only a few days in Cincinnati, but his bright, benevolent countenance and manly frankness were not soon forgotten by those whom circumstances had thrown into contact with him.

Returning home, he drew up a complete inventory of all his property, and, making two of his neighbours his confidants, he deposited this inventory with them, to be used in case of his sudden death, at the same time making them pledge themselves not to make it public previously.

He was largely engaged in the lumber business, and raised n crops except what were necessary for the support of he twenty-nine full-grown slaves, and the numerous slave children that he owned. The lumber got out by he slaves was rafted down the Edisto river. In this business Mr. Willis had amassed a large estate. He was oted for the kindness with which he treated his slaves, wo were never driven with the whip, nor shut out by aock from the stores of provisions. They ate, in the kitch part, of the same food that Mr. Willis ate in the parlor.

A numer of the relatives of Mr. Willis, who are all in comfonble circumstances, lived near him, but seldom visited hi residence. His housekeeper was a dark, but very shred mulatto woman, whom he purchased, with her mother, lther and sister, about thirteen years ago. This housekeepr's name was Mary Amy Elmore Turner. Her father, wi was owned by another master, had deserted her moth and for this was sold to a cotton planter in Alabama.

Amy, the housekeeper was ordinarily called by Mr. Willis, wle the slave of a former master, a Mr. Kirtland, had coloured husband, by whom she had three children bere he was sent South.

This wman, by her faithfulness and shrewdness soon acquired reat influence over Mr. Willis, by whom she had thre children. She watchfully superintended his domestic fairs, attended to the wants of the slaves, and advised to business.

Mr. Wis, feeling concerned for the future wellfare of his childn, and urged thereto by Amy, at last determined to se her, her mother, her six children, her brother and her sier. When he came to Cincinnati, one year ago, and ad his will written, it was to carry out this intent.

After h return home, he arranged all his business as rapidly as ossible, and, taking notes for outstanding debts due him, ade preparations for disposing of his entire estate and oving to Ohio, where he proposed to locate on a farm, wit Amy, her mother and the children. Finding that the expense of bringing Amy's brother and sister and their families would be considerable, and that there might be some difficulty in at once securing a home, Mr. Willis conckled, finally, to come North with Amy, her mother and te children, and, having secured for them a residence, return to close up the business and bring the others.

On last Tuday week, they left home, as thus proposed. On reaching ouisville, they got on board the steamer Jacob Strade, and reached here at six o'clock on yesterday morning. Soon after the boat touched the wharf, Mr. Willis an his company went on shore, and he called a carriage, who, just as he went to reach one of the small children into i, he breathed heavily. Amy asked him if he had anothe attack of palpitation of the heart. He nodded affirmtively, gave two or three heavy breathings, and then fell ead.

Just at thatmoment, some one asked where they came from; Amy's nother did not answer, and was threatened with being kicked into the river. Some one urged Amy to go on boarc the boat again, and she refused. By the advice of a friid, she at once secured the money (about $350) in Mr. W.'s possession, notes and due-bills amounting to three or four thousand dollars, a gold watch and other valuables She was taken, with the trunks and the body of Mr. Willis, to the Dumas House.

Dr. Menzies, being called in, held an inquest, when a verdict was returned in accordance with these facts.

Mr. Ball, of the legal firm of Chase & Ball, being called in, the will of Mr. Willis found on him was opened and read, when it was found that he had willed his entire estate to Amy and her children, and had appointed John Joliffe, A. H. Ernst and Edward Harwood as executors. This will is a duplicate of that left in the care of Mr. Joliffe, which has not yet been opened. If the property is obtained, each of these coloured children will have a fortune of twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars. The body of Mr. Willis will be buried to-day. The executors of the will are all residents of this city.

KIDNAPPERS AND COMMISSIONERS.

We are gratified to hear that Sol. Snyders, D. Thompson and J. Jackson, have been committed in the Court of Dauphin County for kidnapping.

The circumstances of this case are briefly these: a coloured boy, about 18 years of age, by the name of George Clark, on the night of the 23d of February last, was decoyed into the house of Thompson, where Jackson and Snyder had already concealed themselves.

After getting him into the second story room, and locking the door, Snyder said, "Now, George, I am going to take you to your master." Clark ran to the window, broke out the sash, got partly out, when they caught him, but his screams of terror brought deliverance to him and imprisonment to the wretches who were to reduce him to a life-long servitude.

We have not yet learned the sentence of these three ghouls, who feed upon the bodies and souls of men, but we hope they will never again be set at liberty to prey upon their kind.

Of Thompson and Jackson, we know but little; we expect, however, that they are the fitting compeers of Snyder, than whom a more depraved villain we have never known, and we know him well. He was the willing blood-hound that scented out the human prey and drove them into the net of Rich. McCallister, the slave-catching Commissioner, who, a few years ago, flourished so luxuriantly in the capital of our State. These two supporters of the "peculiar institution" should be better known to the public.

Richard was respectably connected, a member of the Episcopal Church. By birth and education he was intended for a gentleman, and so far as the tailor could make him one, he was so, at least in the palmy days of his power, when negro-stealing was popular, and the voice of liberty was smothered in the streets of Harrisburg.

The sun which shone so brightly on his meridian has long since culminated. Richard was forced, through public opinion, to resign his commission, and the last we heard of him he was still staying in Harrisburg, shunned and despised by all respectable citizens. And it seems his companion in the odious business has received at last his deserts.

Sol., on the other hand, was an uneducated, uncared-for, swearing blackguard, with no fear of God or love for man in his soul, and he claimed none.

The nearest approach he ever made towards joining the church was when the Rev. Dr. Hodgson preached his famous sermon in favour of Slavery and the Fugitive Slave law; Sol. was so carried away with the eloquence and beauty of the sentiments of this Right Reverend Doctor, that he swore a great oath, that he had a great mind to join the church.

These two men (I mean Sol. and Richard), so different in temper, education and piety, were as congenial on the subject of negro-stealing as if they had been bred in the same kennel. In fact, this one idea was a fraternizing principle, that swallowed up all minor differences of character and station and made them as loving as pickpockets ever are.

A single example will enable our readers to judge of the beautiful harmony which these two partners in Satan's employ displayed in their actions.

A certain distinguished lawyer in Harrisburg was called upon, one morning, very early, before he had breakfasted, and informed, in urgent haste, that his services were needed at Richard McCallister's office. He hastened to the Commissioners office, to use his own blunt but expressive words, "like a bullet shot from a gun"; but it was too late.

There sat a colossal coloured man, with manacles upon [illegible] and enclosed her son. "Good Christian mother, can you blame her for that look of stolid despair? It was not her own fate, nor even that of her husband, that so absorbed every thought of her soul. That mother had just had a young babe torn from her bosom, and she was to be sent to that country where the lash and the groan mingle their discordant notes and ascend unto God and plead for succour.

That child was proved to have been born in Pennsylvania; of course, they dare not take it away; so the only alternative was to take it from its mothers breast; of course, this was only an unpleasant duty, not an argument against the policy of the "Fugitive Slave law," that great adjustment of difficulties which saved the Union.

This man and woman had been for some years living in Columbia, had begun to accumulate a little property for themselves, and to feel the comforts and blessings of freedom, when they were pounced upon by Snyder, the fiendish whelp of the still more fiendish and heartless McCallister. They were hurried to Harrisburg, and, before McCallister for judge and jury, with no witnesses for them and but one (and he a boy about 17 and a relative of the slave claimant) against them, without counsel and with manacles on his wrists, they were tried before that petty monster and adjudged to be slaves, the property of somebody else. When my friend, the counsel for the defence, arrived, he was coolly told the case was decided, but that the testimony of this boy who swore away their liberty could be read to him. The extra fee of five dollars was too large a bait for this soulless villain to wait until the wretched being could even have counsel. The human claimants, too, were anxious to have it over, so that they could take them in the early train for Baltimore. But the counsel *would* make a speech even if the case, was decided, and so they missed the cars. What was to be done with that gloomy man and sorrow-stricken woman for that whole day? The cars did not leave until evening, a law of Pennsylvania forbade the jail for their detention, and they feared a rising of the coloured people. But Sol. was the man for the emergency. They got a small back yard (to some tavern, I think), with high walls on every side, and the only place of egress or ingress was defended by Sol., with revolvers peeping out at each pocket, to guard a man with hand-cuffs on his wrists, and a poor broken-hearted woman, who was, I understood, also chained. In the evening, they were taken South, and what has been their fate, God only knows. Their blood rests on the skirts of Richard McCallister, and their cry for mercy will ascend unto Heaven, and a fearful woe must descend on *that* man who dares, with sacrilegious lips, repeat the prayer of our Saviour, when he said, "forgive us as we forgive others." Now, let us ask any candid reader, is Solomon Snyder a worse man than Richard McCallister? I tell you nay. The coarse, unlettered brute who had never been taught better things *pardonably* laid no claim to [illegible] so much as the smooth-faced hypocrite, who sports piety for a cloak to cover his rotten heart and conceal the lurking villany of his soul.

As much as Snyder deserved his fate, Richard McCallister is deserving of a far greater punishment. Perhaps he has it in the upbraidings of his own conscience and the frowns of public disgust. At any rate, we are pleased to see the progress of the spirit of freedom in Dauphin County; it now gives no succour to human blood-hounds. —*Norristown (Pa.) Olive Branch.*

THE PARKVILLE LUMINARY.

The following is the paragraph which excited the slavery fanatics to destroy the press of the *Parkville Luminary*:

"No freedom outside the free States, or no slavery outside the slave States, is to be the established doctrine of our coming politics. We ask of the Northern people which it shall be? We put the inquiry to people of all parties, Whig, Democratic, Know-Nothing and Anti-Nebraska, alike. Slavery demands permission to go where it likes, and it likes to go everywhere. It declares its right to go wherever the territory of the Union extends. It assumes the position that there shall be no freedom outside the free States. What do the free States say to that position? They cannot dodge the issue; they must be for or against; they must acquiesce or oppose. Are they ready for such ignoble surrender of their principles as acquiescence implies? Are they ready to permit slavery to surround them, as with a dismal swamp, and forever forbid them and their descendants from going beyond the limits which their fathers' virtue and patriotic resolution have already secured to them? Have they spirit enough left to defend even the claims of their own posterity to occupy any portion of the broad domain of the prolific West, or will they tamely surrender all to such ruffian hordes as have attempted, and propose to consummate the subjection of Kansas?

"Which motto shall be emblazoned on the banner of the North? No freedom outside the free States, or no slavery outside the slave States? Answer, Northern men of all parties and all factions and sects! Choose your colours, whatever they may be, and be ready for the coming struggle. We are in a crisis on the slavery question, and the issue must soon be determined. Slavery is to triumph over freedom, or freedom is to repel the aggressions of slavery. The North is to be humiliated, humbled in the dust, the Government to be surrendered into the hands of the slave-drivers, all our Territories opened to their sway; or Freedom assert its prerogative and firmly resist and quell the audacious attempt at subjugation and conquest now making by the Slave Power."

RESULT OF THE LONDON ANTI-SLAVERY CONFERENCE.

An Anti-Slavery Conference was held in London in last November, and the most complete report of its proceeding published was compiled by us, from various sources, and is furnished in the number of the *Anti-Slavery Advocate* for January last. This report, however, was necessarily imperfect; but, as an intimation was given, we think in the *British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter*, and certainly by its editor in his communications with some of our friends, that a "full" report would speedily be published, we waited patiently, though with some curiosity, for its appearance. One of the chief ostensible objects of the London Conference was for the healing of breaches, and to enable the friends of the anti-slavery cause in all its phases to come together, to reconcile their differences, and to act in unity for their common object in future. All who have read our report know that the friends of the American Abolitionists made ample use of this opportunity, to state the grievances they have to complain of at the hands of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and to demand for the American Anti-Slavery Society that recognition which it is sure to obtain from all real friends of the slave. The speeches of Messrs. Pillsbury, Bishop and James to this effect constituted by far the most important portion of the proceedings of the Conference, both in the time they occupied and the interest they excited. These gentl

House? They came—they voted—they conquered. And now the most notable of their victories is their triumph over the Governor's new-found anti-slavery faith, in the first place, and their triumph over his rejuvenated conservatism, in the second. The veto of the Governor cannot save us from the terrible effect of his October letter. The wicked demon will not go down at his bidding. The Legislature, composed of members of his party, elected under his banner, and in part through his influence and vote, has rushed into what he considers to be wild and reckless fanaticism, if not flat, unmitigated treason. Let his example warn all candidates, however great the temptation which may beset them, of the danger of letter-writing before election.—*Boston Atlas.*

METHODIST SLAVEHOLDERS—THE NEW RULE.

MANY who profess to be opposed to slavery are incredulous as to the existence of this evil in any other than a mild, patriarchal form in the Methodist Episcopal Church at the present time. Even Dr. Bond, who has spent his life in a slave State, and who says slaveholding for gain is sinful, still abhors a rule that would exclude slaveholders from the Church, and thinks that, if any do hold slaves from mercenary motives, the sin is entirely too subtle to be reached by discipline. For the benefit of all such we give the following statement of one who has just returned from a visit to Missouri. The author is a highly esteemed member of the North Indiana Conference.

"Strange as it may seem to some, it is nevertheless true that there are some members of our Church who believe that, since the division of the Church, we are now entirely free from all connection with slavery and slaveholders. For the benefit of such, I wish to say, if they will go with me, I will introduce them to a person, who is in good standing in our Church, who, a few months since, sold a slave to a Southern slave-trader—the most despicable character on earth—and when this slave was delivered to his new master, they had to tie him hand and foot and throw him upon a dray, and send him in this way to the steamboat that was to convey him south to the New Orleans slave market.

"And in the same city where the above instance occurred, there was, for many days, in that slave pen or prison, a slave left there for sale to the highest bidder, whoever he might be, either a St. Clair or Legree, all the same; after a few days, this slave was purchased by one of his old neighbours, who was not willing to see him sold to the Southern slave-driver; and this slave that was thus sold was not only the property of a Methodist, but also of a Methodist preacher.

"I stood by, on one occasion, and saw a member of our Church, and a *class-leader* at that, purchase a slave girl, the last and only child that a slave mother had left. I stood and looked upon that poor mother, as she kneeled before this man; I heard her say, as she sobbed bitterly, 'O, massa, please spare my child! O please spare my last earthly comfort!' And in this way she continued to pray. It seemed to me almost enough to move a heart of stone; but he soon turned scornfully away, saying he had not bought her to sell her again, and thus tore her child away, where, in all human probability, they would never meet again in this world. And I might continue and enumerate many more similar cases that I could vouch for their truth, but the above is sufficient.

"From the above considerations, I am for the action of the North Indiana Conference upon the subject of slavery, namely, 'Asking the next General Conference to say, by their action, that no more slaveholders be admitted into our Church, and that they fix an early day when those who are now in shall liberate their slaves or forfeit their membership.'

"After stating the above facts, I can scarcely restrain my feelings, or stop my pen, without making some comments; but I will now do as I purposed when I began—I will let facts speak for themselves, without note or comment from me.

"Yours for the slave, J. G. D. PETTIJOHN."

The above looks bad, but we are fully persuaded nothing better can be hoped for, so long as our Disciplinary rule remains as it is. The rule has become a dead letter, and our members in the slave States do just as they please in the matter of slaveholding. As to the question whether it shall be a general or a particular rule—an amendment of the Constitution or only statutory—we care but little. All we ask is something that carries with it extirpating force. The Discipline requires us to labour for the extirpation of slavery, and it makes no great difference what the means are, provided they are lawful and effectual. We want the foe to die—the manner and the instrument are unimportant. In certain quarters there is an evident dread of touching the General Rule, and a great desire to keep the Discipline as it is. This is, in our apprehension, simply a mistake touching the best mode of effecting the object. Bonaparte's method of dealing with mobs was to fire balls. He would not use blank cartridges till he had quelled the rebels. We think this the only consistent policy in treating slavery. The worst things should come first. Slavery must know its master, before any mild expedients can be tried. It is for this reason that we like the proposition to change the General Rule. We like its sovereign exterminating character. It is instant death to the slave system. We admit the system may die by other means, less direct; but we fear that the spirit which dare not propose direct extirpation will not be found equal to the conquest of such a foe by indirect efforts. In a word, we shall never be able to administer the rule we now have, in its true spirit, till we are perfectly ready to frame a much severer rule, if necessary. We must command the ground. Hitherto our Church legislation has been too much under the control of the South. And even now the subject of slavery can scarcely be named in a General Conference without throwing certain men into spasms. Our readers will recollect how it was at Boston in 1852. When Rev. James Porter touched upon slavery, there came up forthwith, from Baltimore and elsewhere, very significant indications that such remarks would not be [illegible] within its folds, and the struggle is for life. Our motto should be, Death or victory. No man should consent to adopt a temporizing expedient, unless he means to die.

From the above, it will be seen that slavery in the Methodist Episcopal Church is exactly like slavery out of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Our members always hold slaves for gain—that is, they hold them because it is cheapest to do so—and so universally is this money-making the only object, that if we should make a rule expelling only mercenary slaveholders, it would, no doubt, give mortal offence to the slaveholding fraternity. As they hold their slaves for gain, they, of course, traffic in slaves for gain. Bro. Pettijohn's experience is precisely like that of all others who have any knowledge of Methodist slaveholding. Reece and Gorsuch were prominent Methodists, and we know how the Patriarchal institution was administered by them. It is by no means probable that others do better. The whole goes to show how indispensable it is that something should be done to relieve the Church and the world of this infamous business—this fountain of death, whence Nebraskaisms and kindred villanies take their rise.—*(Auburn) Christian Advocate.*

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF SLAVERY.

A FEW years since a distinguished lawyer in one of the extreme Southern States was elected to the United States Senate. He came on to Washington and was welcomed by his partisan associates and by a still larger circle of personal friends. He had not been long in the city before, one evening, a visitor of a dusky hue called upon him. "Senator," said the stranger, "You do not recognise me." "No," said the Senator, "I do not." "I believe," continued the visitor, "We are a little related." "Ah, how is that?" "Why, we had the same father," said the visitor. "Indeed!" exclaimed the Senator; "Well, such things will happen at the South."

The acquaintance was kept up as long as the Senator retained his seat, and the visits were not all on one side.

The mulatto of whom we speak was a respectable coachman in the City of Washington, and many a passenger whom he has taken to the White House has noticed the very striking resemblance between him and his half-brother in the Senate.

This mingling of the blood—this intermixture of the two races—sometimes gives rise to strange incidents.

The late Gov. McD. of South Carolina, was notorious for his licentious habits and for the absence of all prejudice against colour. Some of his children were not without traces of the extraordinary talent and brilliancy of their sire. One of them, born in his youth, as she grew up developed a strange and fascinating beauty. Her [illegible] her slight and graceful figure, a quickness soon allured an admirer. [illegible] and an insinuating manner.

A gentleman of Mobile purchased her—together with her mother, who was bought only for the sake of the daughter—for [illegible] dollars. That was at a time when the price of common slaves was much lower than it is now. He owned a country seat in the vicinity of the city, where he had a wife and children. The new mulatto mistress he kept in the city. But soon the affection at first divided centered wholly upon her. Instead of her being a slave, he had become hers. At length he grew so enamoured of her that he gave himself up entirely to the [illegible] infatuation and finally eloped with the beauti[illegible] mulatto—she was but slightly tinged with colour—[illegible] his wife and children.

Southern people often laugh at what they consider [illegible] squeamishness at the North upon such subjects. A few years ago a great cry was raised about a public man, who had been President of the United States, for selling one of his sons who was a slave. It was proclaimed by his partisans a base libel. A slave-dealer who now resides in immediate vicinity of this statesman told us there could be no possibility of doubt about the paternity of the slave in question; that he resembled his father even more closely than did any of his white sons. The slave-dealer said he had purchased not long before, from a Northern man who was keeping a sort of seraglio in a slave State, an elegant mulatto servant at a mere nominal price, entirely on account of the master's jealousy of his attentions to one of his favourite mulatto mistresses. He took him to Louisiana and sold him at a very large advance.

A United States Senator who was a prominent advocate of the Fugitive Slave law fitted out a son several years ago to commence life on his own account in one of the Western States. For a servant he gave him a half-brother, and a most faithful and affectionate servant he was. But after a while the habits of the young master got him into trouble. He played and drank. His money was all consumed. Then went his horse and saddle. At last nothing was left but the slave. It was hard to part with him, for the brother had a real fondness for him; but he had a greater one for cards and dice. The slave was sold. He said he would never be the slave of another master. A penurious and cruel man bought him. He ran away and was soon captured. A second time he escaped, determined never again to be taken alive. This time he succeeded, for the Fugitive Slave law had not then gone into operation. Indeed, it is possible that this very incident may have been in the honourable Senator's mind when he so eloquently urged its enactment.—*Tribune.*

REV. THEODORE PARKER AND MR. CALHOUN.

WE almost tremble to hear of the result of the new elections in Kansas, which took place on the 22d, after what Theodore Parker told us in his anti slavery address, on Tuesday evening, of 200 of Sharpe's rifles having been sent from Boston in boxes, labelled "books," to arm as many of the New England settlers in that Territory against the attacks of Missourian incursionists.

New England has her peculiar institutions as truly as the South has hers, and Theodore Parker is one of them just as Mr. Calhoun used to be of those of the South. It is well the Middle States lie between them, or the Union could not last three months. For the last two evenings, we have listened carefully to Theodore Parker, as he has lectured on the "Condition and Prospects of America." His views of slavery and of everything else are the complete embodiment of New England philosophy. We have listened in former years to Mr. Calhoun, discoursing freely on the same subjects, and putting the other side of the question with the greatest possible ability.

Both of these men would at once impress you with the lofty integrity and disinterestedness of their personal character. They were quite sincere and deeply earnest in all the views they advanced. Both above all petty arts and artifices, even to conciliate the good will of their audiences. Both were warmly attached to American Institutions, as they conceived them, and both, without shrinking from consequences, were willing to carry out their peculiar view at any cost, and to all legitimate results. The dissolution of the Union seems nothing to either of them, compared with the dissolution of their beau ideal of the objects and institutions of the United States Government.

Mr. Calhoun was tall; Theodore Parker is short. Mr. Calhoun had an eye of fire, with a sharp, angular head; Theodore Parker has a round, bald head, with the skin stretched over it as tightly as parchment on the head of a drum, and every other indication of a hard-thinking man. Mr. Calhoun seemed born for an orator of the old Roman stamp; Theodore Parker for a philosopher of the Socratic model, born and bred in the Athens of America. Both represent the earnest convictions and determinations of extremely opposite but powerful sections of the Union. The Middle and Western States have to arbitrate between them, and let us hope to keep the peace. Any outrageous overt acts on the part of either one will drive the body of the people to side with the other, and that side must preponderate. If such sentiments and determinations as Theodore Parker uttered in his lecture on slavery became suddenly general at the North, all that would be left would be to consider what arrangements could best be made for the peaceful dissolution of the Union. On the other hand, should Southern violence and *aggression* in Central Kansas, with projects for seizing Cuba, Hayti, Central America, and every possible area for the enlargement of slave territory, we say the sooner it is decided the better.

There has been a rowdyism and corruption of sentiment growing up of late years in some papers of the South and even of the North on this subject of slavery and its extension, that cannot be too severely reprobated, and yet we could not but feel, while listening to Theodore Parker the other evening, that there was a bitterness in heart, and a terrible, cool and deadly intensity in his hatred of everything Southern, which could not be excused, even by the suffering he has endured. It has led him unconsciously into some disparaging statements which were extreme, and we fancy that it has even coloured the ink with which he figured up some of his statistics. He has a powerful mind, and must have impressed all his audience more deeply than ever with the evils of the slave system. But when he proposed, as a part of his platform, that no slaveholder should be allowed to hold a commission in the Army or Navy; that Congress ought to declare that slavery should cease in each State after a certain day, or that State be expelled the Union, we could only regard his language as not treasonable, by supposing it fanatical, though not more fanatical, however, or so treasonable, as the conduct of many Southern men at this time, from Senator Atchison downward.

The conviction grows stronger in our minds each day, that unless the Executive at Washington resolve to put down all mob violence with a firm hand, and all covert or open attempts to use its influence to extend the area of slavery, the whole North and West will be driven to a very different position from that to which they are now inclined, and instead of the Middle States resting in a conciliatory position, they will be driven to take a stand that will lead the South to a disruption little contemplated at present by any party.—*Philadelphia Ledger, May 28th.*

CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES.

WE copy from a letter of the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* the following translation of an important and interesting debate in the Spanish Cortes on the Cuban question. It will be seen that the Opposition, of which Señor Ordax Avecilla is the leader, has determined to support the Government in its policy of peace and friendship with the United States, and that Soulé and the fillibusters meet with no sympathy from any party in Spain.

The question before the Cortes was a call for the documents in the affairs of the *Black Warrior* and the *El Dorado.*

The resolution which has just been read carries with itself all the recommendation which I could give in a discourse. It asks to know what is the actual state of a diplomatic negotiation with the Republic of the United States, whose relations with us may affect in so many to-Spain, from New York to Cadiz, concerning the difficulties and conflicts which have been excited between the Government of the United States and the Spanish Government. This discussion, of so much importance, has been augmenting day by day, and now is the hour when those relations are described in a manner so grave and transcendental that, if it be true, would give cause to fear a serious discord, and perhaps a rupture between the two Governments. On one side it would appear that the danger of a war is imminent, and on the other that peace is already settled, and that the conditions of it are stipulated and agreed upon. Either of these opinions involves a question of the first order, not only for Spain, but for the world.

A war between Spain and the United States, the possession of Cuba, that key of the Atlantic and nucleus of all the commercial nations of the globe, cannot be considered as a question of party politics in either of the two countries, nor even as of national interest only; it must be considered as an interest of Christendom, because the war for Cuba between Spain and the United States would necessarily be propagated throughout Europe and the world.

The importance of our relations with that country cannot be exaggerated; and when, in the American Congress, the documents concerning a celebrated Conference held in Ostend by the Representatives of the United States have been called for, when this subject preoccupies the attention of the two Cabinets on this side and the other of the Atlantic, how shall the Spanish Congress be silent? But in order that the Spanish Congress speak—in order that it may pronounce its verdict upon Spanish policy in relation with American policy, and may judge the respective attitudes of both Governments, one preliminary is necessary—the knowledge of the cause. For this object we must see the documents which have produced the anxiety, agitation in some, illusion in others, and the hope of a favourable solution in all. The questions which are principally known are those which refer to the embargo of the American vessel, the Black Warrior, and to a new occurrence which took place with the American vessel, the El Dorado.

It is not possible to enter upon these subjects now. They should be the object of a debate upon the documents which shall be brought here. But it is very important, gentlemen, that the attention of the Cortes should be fixed upon the character of those affairs, on account of the two lines of policy to which they have given rise, or may give rise.

Sir, the relations between Spain and the United States have always been equivocal, and the reason of this is obvious. In part it is explained by the difference of the principle of Government in these two countries, and in part it is explained by the mutual presumption that the policy of the United States with respect to Spain is a policy of provocation, whilst, on the other hand, the United States believe that the Spanish policy is one of provocation against the United States. Hence, those two lines of policy, which may be called that of war and that cordiality, of the union of the two in [illegible] of friendship, of moral and material, firmly established; and on the other, relations of suspicion, of hostility, and, a little later, of war. Lately, these two policies have shown themselves with less disguise. The late representative of the American people here announced with certain confidence at first, with doubt afterwards, and in a resolute manner still later—announced, I say, as the basis of American policy, a clear and distinct principle, upon which there does not remain the shadow of a doubt. "The American people," said he, "wants the Island of Cuba; the American people is in a position to acquire it by legitimate means or by any means which necessity may suggest." This policy, announced and developed gradually, has now come to be a policy, sanctioned in that meeting of Ministers of the United States, at Ostend. They established as a capital principle the necessity that the United States possess, at a period more or less proximate, the Island of Cuba; they established as a principle of their policy the necessity of acquiring it by purchase, and, in the last resort, by any means which circumstance might suggest.

This policy is that which is bound to the policy of war, because, the principle of the acquisition, at any rate, being established, it is certain that if it be not acquired by legitimate means, the case of a rupture will have arisen; and you can understand that this condition of things should spread uneasiness and inquietude among the American people, and ferment, at the same time, that spirit known in Europe as the fillibustering spirit or that of piracy, the spirit of that party which proclaims the principles of acquisition of all events. But the fillibustering spirit is a thing—and I take pleasure in saying it here before the Spanish people and the world—is a thing entirely distinct from the true spirit of the American people.

The American people does not profess, does not admit that fillibustering policy; it does not like the policy of war, nor that of provocation, nor that of suspicion. It is a great people, and I have some data for assuring you that it does not wish for the Island of Cuba "at any price, and at any cost," but that it does wish for cordial relations and an honourable peace, and that it does not countenance fillibustering, that just American people. What, then, ought to be the policy of the Spanish people? The policy of the Spanish Government—ought it to be that of the fillibusters of America, that of suspicion, that of division between the two peoples, that of hostility and war? No, certainly, if such were its policy, it would not be national—it would be a policy depressive of the principles of justice, that which in no kind of relations should be adopted—that which never should be followed in diplomatic negotiation.

If such were the policy of the Spanish Government, it would be confounding itself with the American fillibusters. I take pleasure in believing that it is not thus—that it is more loyal and more proper for the Spanish people in their relations with foreign nations. I take pleasure in believing that the Government is the faithful organ of the sentiments of the people, and that its conduct will not be that of suspicion, provocation or war, but that of cordiality, of sympathy, of a union, frank, liberal and sincere, with the United States, for the mutual interest and mutual glory of both countries. Then, if that day should arrive, in spite of such being the Spanish policy; when the good relations between the two countries should be broken, there would be no excuse for the United States; one unanimous cry of reprobation and of execration would be raised against them, and in favour of our country, saying: Spain is right, and on its side is justice. And if the United States should persist in provoking a valorous and decided nation, as is the Spanish one, aided by right and by justice, Spain will triumph, in spite of her complications and her misfortunes. But if the provocation should come from the Spanish Goverment, there would be no accusation, no denunciation nor imprecation, or words, even, with which to condemn its conduct. Let the principle of its conduct be that of cordiality and of justice, and then, if war should come, let it sustain it with all the strength of Spanish valour, but never, never, let the war come from the act of Spain.

The Minister of State will see that I have not come here to create complications nor to make a speech in opposition, but only to ask for the presentation of documents necessary, in order that the country may know what there is in this subject.

The Minister of State, Señor Luzuriaga, then said:

GENTLEMEN: In ordinary circumstances there would be no inconvenience in presenting all the documents relative to the affairs of the Black Warrior, because, in fact, it is settled; and I have the satisfaction to announce to the Cortes that it has been settled in common and good accord between the two Governments.

But the present circumstances in our relations which refer to the Island of Cuba are not ordinary—gentlemen will understand without my saying it. Chance has disposed that with the conclusion of this business, the beginning of two other questions has coincided, and although they may appear independent, they might nevertheless affect in some degree the documents which would be put upon the table. If the Cortes, in its patriotism, would have the patience to await the conclusion of these two, which ought not to be long delayed, then there would be no kind of inconvenience.

Nevertheless, the Government will not oppose the presentation. The Government has to give an account of its conduct in this affair, and if it should oppose the presentation of these documents, it would appear to shun giving that account.

This consideration makes me not to insist; I leave it entirely to the patriotism of the Deputies. There is another consideration also for suspending the examination of these documents, and it is that the conduct of the public officers at the Havana in this business is about to be submitted to a judgment; and it is never well that the weight of the Parliament and of the debate which is excited here, should be launched into the cause which is prosecuted against individuals.

For the rest, in order that the Cortes may proceed with full knowledge, I have no difficulty in advancing some explanations. I shall speak very little of the El Dorado, that question is still pending; but I think it will be terminated soon and easily, and with a good termination; because if at first the American Government conceived some suspicion that the right of visit replied always by that country had been sought to be exercised on the part of Spanish officers now, it ought to be completely undeceived. It is informed already of the instructions which our cruisers had received beforehand from the Governor, Captain-General of Cuba, which prescribed that they should abstain from that class of requisitions, and should limit themselves to observe those vessels which might come towards the Havana, and to escort or follow the suspicious ones until they should enter the jurisdictional waters of our territory, a right unquestionable and unquestioned. Consequently, the whole question comes to be reduced to the appreciation of the fact, which may, indeed, be interesting to the officers of the Ferrolana, but which leaves the Government well covered. The latter has not wished or intended to exercise the right of visit, which is what might have complicated the question.

The Señor Ordax Avecilla has spoken to us of a peace policy and a war policy, and of a policy which, in truth, I have not well understood. This gentleman says that it is proposed to acquire the possession of Cuba without war and by legitimate means; and there are no legitimate means of acquiring it; for there is no other right than that of the Spanish nation, and that will never give a legitimate title to any one for its acquisition, for this would be alienation; and I have already said, on other occasions, that the Spanish nation would never alienate the Island of Cuba, for its honour is concerned. (applause by many deputies). I do not, then, understand the so-called Ostend policy, or rather it is well understood, in giving it the intention it really expresses—an intention which, happily, is far from that rightly attributed by Señor Ordax Avecilla to the American people. The American people is great, noble and loyal, and cannot entertain these ideas of usurping the property of others. No, it does not entertain them; but in the American people, as everywhere else, there are ambitious men, who showed their private pretension beneath the veil of public interest. Ordax Avecilla, which sympathizes with this people, and recognises in them the same elements of sympathy, although sometimes clouded by those who act in their name—Her Majesty's Government, in this conviction, has proposed to follow with respect to the United States this policy of peace, as the gentleman styles it—this policy of justice as I call it; for I find no greater foundation for maintaining good relations with other countries, than justice; no other foundation securer for insuring the interests of the country than justice—no title better for being stronger than to be just.

Well, gentlemen, when I took charge of the Ministry of State, I did so resolve to carry into all international relations this principle of strict morality, convinced as I am that the policy or that diplomacy with is called adroitness may sometimes puff up the self-love of persons, but in the end it neither deceives anybody, nor are the great interests of the country thus assured. Among these relations with the American people the question which was most interesting at the moment, was that of the Black Warrior, for although it has been said by those who are in opposition to the Government, that this affair was already forgotten, they are much mistaken.

At that time the Government of the United States was represented in Madrid by a person who took good care that this question should not be forgotten; who notonly renewed it very often, but who gave it all the characteristics of a question of national honour, of a question of independence, insinuating in a manner not to be misunderstood, that the end might be a misunderstanding, one of the most serious misunderstandings that can exist between two nations, and be making this rupture almost necessary, or making it appear necessary, because it was not one of those which presented an acceptable soition. There happened then, gentlemen, an event worty of notice.

The Government of the United States had addessed on the 22d June last, a communication to their representative in Madrid, which he thought proper to keepin his power until the 8th of December, when he made it nown to me In this note or this communication, the Secretary of State of the United States made a reclamation very vehement terms—in very strong terms. He manfested with much vivacity and much force of argumt the reasons which he held for reparation, but at the sae time that he employed this language, he left the quesbn entirely reduced within the limits of justice.

He did not elevate it to the rank of a question peace or war, of decorum or of independence. Nothingof the kind; he strengthened the arguments of juste, but brought it on this ground, manifesting clearly thahe did not wish any other character to be given it; and do not know if this will explain why this communicatioof the 22d of June was not presented till the 8th of Dember.

There is another circumstance which may contnute to explain this, and this is, that in the interval theConference at Ostend, alluded to by the Señor Ordax ecilla, took place.

The object of this Conference, the principles tre proclaimed, the tendencies there manifested, arnpublic. Accordingly, the conduct was absolutely and dmetrically opposed to the pacific and friendly spirit of e note be found. To the presentation of this note follod several verbal conferences between the Representativof the United States and the Minister who now has the hour to address the Cortes. The first persisted in the sat sense as before. Her Majesty's Government gave whanswer was then thought convenient. Her Majesty's Govment was resolved to do justice, but would not have imposed upon it.

At this time occurred the retirement of that inister, who certainly wished to give his departure the apearance of a measure, if not hostile, at least much likit, and nevertheless it was no more than an ordinary easure. His policy did not accord with that of his Govenment; he had resigned, and his resignation had been ecepted, and, upon accepting it, his Government expressedtself in the usual terms of good will toward the SpanisGovernment; so that, gentlemen, the Spanish Govenment, in view of the communication of the 22d of Junwhich it had received on the 8th of December, in view othe terms in which the change of the person of the Amerkan Representative at Madrid had been effected, the whoe entirely confirmed by the frank and loyal language, in atire conformity with that of his Government, of the gentleman who, by these events, commenced to represet that Government here, and who worthily represents t to-day; all this, I say, put her Majesty's Governmen in perfect liberty to act without her acts being able to beattributed to anything else than conviction. This obligedit to make a conscientious examination of the antecents. The Minister was not satisfied with doing this hirself. The Minister submitted these to the directors, to th chiefs of what had been negotiated, to five, six or sevenpersons of those who understood this matter, and had already had a great deal to do with it.

It called and invoked to its aid other inteligent persons, and the unanimous opinion of all was the ollowing:

There exists, gentlemen, in the Havana, as everywhere else, rules which fix the formalities of the manfests which vessels have to make for their dispatch, &c.

The Minister then proceeds to give a detaled account of the facts of the affair to the Cortes, and of the manner of its settlement, which, being in entire conformity with what is generally understood in the United States, I will not repeat here.

Sr. Ordax Avecilla said: "I have not heard all which the Minister of State has had the goodness to say, but I will decla e, in general, that the explanations which I have heard have satisfied me. * * * * * *

In referring to the policy of Ostend, I did so on purpose to be able to say to the Spanish Parliament, and to say to the country, that it has not been, that it is not, and will not be, the policy of the Spanish Democratic party. On this account, and for this purpose, I have referred to that Conference, and for this purpose I have spoken of that policy.

As for legitimate means the Minister will permit me that since the commencement of society there has been no more legitimate means of acquisition than purchase—that is, if both parties agree. In this sense I spoke of the Ostend policy, not that I or my party would accept it, as has been insinuated, but to have it understood that it was upon the principle of exaction; but the Minister will understand, apart from this, that there is nothing more legitimate than to wish to buy—and nothing more so than not to wish to sell. This was the moral and political effect of the deeds and principles which have been referred to me, with the phrase of policy of Ostend. Let it be understood that I have not undertaken to defend the fillibustering policy, which is not that of the truly American people, a magnanimous, loyal and just people, who indubitably wish for just and cordial relations with Spain, like those that we wish for with them. This is what I have wished to say.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1855.

☞ A Meeting of the Members of the New York City Anti-Slavery Society, will be held at the Anti-Slavery Office, 138 Nassau street, corner of Beekman, on Saturday, June 2d, 1855, at 2 o'clock, for the election of officers.

HENRIETTA WOLCOTT JOHNSON, Rec. Sec'y.

THE SOIL OF FREEDOM.....II.

IF we may believe the doctrine involved in the passage with which our previous number commenced, the sole condition of Freedom on any soil is the Will of the people by whom it is already occupied or possessed. The writer seems to regard this, not as an individual opinion, but as an universal admission. He goes on to say, "The soil of Massachusetts is not consecrated to Freedom by the general sentiments or feelings of its inhabitants; it is consecrated to Freedom by *the Laws* which they have ordained for its government, and just so far as those Laws determine the condition of those who are on it." Among these he includes more than what belong to the State specifically; asserting that "the Federal Constitution is just as much the law of Massachusetts as its own Constitution," and, inasmuch as the Federal Constitution, in whatever matter it embraces, "is paramount to all laws," denying the possibility "for the State to make a law which shall consecrate its soil to the Freedom of men, who are made by the Constitution of the United States incapable of acquiring freedom by coming within our jurisdiction."

CIVITATI NULLAE TUNC LEGES ERANT, QUIA LIBIDO REGUM PRO LEGIBUS HABEBATUR. Thus it had been at Athens; but the Athenians wanted something else. The city had then no laws, because the will of kings was held in place of laws. Afterwards, things changed. Solon gave them laws; the fierce democracy received his laws. Athens flourished, a republic governed by laws of the Commonwealth, not oppressed by lawless will of kings. But Athens, too, held her slaves by myriads. Suppose the day had come when those slaves got rid of their masters, as their masters have got rid of their kings. Suppose the slaves, disenthralled and self-governed, to have left their memorial to succeeding ages. "The great majority of the people in Athens had, awhile ago, no laws, for the will of despotic masters stood in the place of laws"; so might it have read with equal reason. But the lions, in the trite old fable, do not paint their conflicts and victories. Even at Athens, where they supplanted by laws the lust of kings; even with the slaves, suppose they had introduced their own power between their persons and their masters; we should still find ourselves floundering in the same abyss of error. It is the lust itself, not whose it chances to be, whether of king or of subject, our own or others'; it is the authority of will, as will, not whose the will may be, whether of one, of the many or the few, wherein the essence of the falsehood is imbedded. The will of a Parliament, or a Congress, or a State Legislature, may be just as selfish, just as covetous, just as despotic, as the will of a King, or Emperor, or House of hereditary nobles. Not who they are that make a thing, but what the thing is which they make, forms the great [illegible]. What is the soil consecrated to Freedom? And, without hesitation, we answer, the soil of the whole Earth. Not the sentiments or feelings of its inhabitants, nor yet the Laws which a few thousands or few millions have ordained to govern their own conduct or to dispose of a territory which they possess; neither the one nor the other of them has anything to do with the matter. All questions as to the tenures and ownership of land may be dismissed here; we have only to say that, in virtue of a power surpassing all will, all statute, all constitutions of republics or kingdoms, every man unconvicted of crime ought to be recognised and treated as personally free on every soil, beneath every sky. In a court which settles questions of politics, of morality, of religion, by statutes and precedents and usages, innocent men may be doomed to enslavement anywhere. Before the tribunal which confronts facts with ideas, and seeks its law not on old parchment, but in the living heart, and worships not some idol of a hoary tradition, but the God as young and living to-day as when the fathers spake his name with fresh reverence, it is enough that here is an innocent man, child of the Eternal, his earth under his feet, his sky stretching over his head. That majestic presence it is which consecrates every soil to freedom. It was neither the decision of the Jurist, nor yet the maxim of the Common Law on which that decision was grounded, that made every man who set his foot on English soil thenceforth a freeman; the maxim and the decision simply recognised and respected a Law old as the British Islands, ancient as earth and man. And whether a Mansfield pronounces the word or an antique tradition brings down its spirit to him, or whether the will of king, or peer, or people enact it as enduring statute, each is but the channel through which the Divinity flows; the law issues forth out of the eternal depth, the celestial stream runs on wherever it can find a passage, seen or unseen, now, as it has done through the lapse of ages, as it will do while the future leads on the everlasting processions.

We are brought now to the error which vitiates most of the reasoning connected with law and government in our times. When, in the ancient line of our own religious traditions, a Moses is supposed to have received the national law from solitary communion with the One Absolute Being, and succeeding governors and judges to have heard and obeyed divine mandates; or when, in other lines of obscure tradition, a Numa is reverenced as holy devotee, conversing nightly with some goddess nymph; it is not strange that the miracle overawes the minds which believe it, and that they are slow to criticise what comes to them as divine communication. Nay, when the descent of law has been so long that its origin is all hidden from sight; when it appears, at first emerging dimly from mysterious shades, into which only reverent imagination enters, as into some ancient shrine, and of which wonder, not reason, brings report; it is not difficult to see how half-devotion chastises the audacity of criticism. But there is nothing mythic—indeed, there is little religious—in the origin and establishment of our laws. Men whom the world knew well, shrewd, sagacious, practical men, with clear eye to what the world calls the main chance, in cunning talk, not in devout solitude, framed and promulgated them; and local assemblies of larger numbers, whom they truly represented, men of the same keen calculating foresight, with as little depth of spiritual reverence, accepted and ratified them. So the Constitution was established; so the Government commenced. The same essential character has marked the history which had this origin. And now, forsooth, the deed of such men, so done, written out in articles and statutes, over which no sacred mystery rests, must stand uncensured, uncriticised, almost unquestioned! As if gods had done it in the guise of men!

To be sure, this is highest and largest to those who look no higher, who see no farther. So the hill which rises above one's little field may be highest to him who never heard of the Alps or even of the White or Green Mountains. So the horizon which bounds the eye-sight may be broad as the earth, if one will not consent to believe that air and earth are stretched out all around it. How thinking men should dream so wildly, does seem unaccountable. Doubly so, when history has so many significant facts. And here with some hint of history let us mix some fancy, and so dismiss the reader, if, by chance, any such there be, who has followed us so far. A devout Puritan was walking thoughtfully and silently near the sounding Atlantic shore, his thought the deeper, the more earnest his silence, for evil visions which haunted him. Some men and women whom he did not want, whom he could not love but at a distance. Quakers perhaps, Anabaptists, or even worshippers of the Beast, had just landed. Somehow they must be rendered back. While he mused, two forms appeared before him, the one strengthening his predisposition, the other suggesting a gentler law. "By precedent, by lawful power, by will of the people, by statute, by religion and law, protect the holy ground which thy God hath given thee. Wall it around, as a new city of the Lord, that neither enemy nor alien shall have entrance." Such the loud, imperious tone of tradition. "These new men and women are also children of thy Father. Let them dwell where he gives them place, on that earth which is his, not thine. There is land enough for all. Let thy love be as large, as full of invitation and of promise. Worship God; honour all man. Seek with these and with all the near and sacred fountains of immortal Truth." The voice, though full of the prophetic spirit, was so soft and low, perchance his ear so stunned with other sounds, that the Puritan went away without hearing it.

Perhaps his children may hear at last; the voice is eternal.

"AMELIORATION OF SLAVERY."

SUCH a term as this, is, we take it, when applied to so beneficent, benevolent, beatific, blessed, beautiful, but belied, and beleagured social system as Slavery, at least, a malicious misnomer, if not the most impudent and infamous infidelity. But the term is not one of our choosing. It originated either at the South, or with the *Journal of Commerce*, of this city. That paper, at any rate, so heads a paragraph, which it copies from a Southern journal, and marks it with its approval thus:

AMELIORATION OF SLAVERY.—The *Port Gibson* (Miss.) *Reveille* says:

"The project now being agitated by the people of North Carolina, and soon to be carried before the Legislature of that State, is one which, we think, to say the least of it, will create a sensation. It is, 1st, to render legal the institution of marriage among slaves; 2d, to preserve sacred the relations between parents and their young children; and 3d, to repeal the laws prohibiting the education of slaves. If this modification in the laws is made in North Carolina, as we are informed it probably will, other States will, no doubt, take the matter into consideration, and it will then be by far the most interesting feature of the 'peculiar institution.' The main features of the movement have been adopted in practice, or at least improved in theory, by nearly all our planters, so far as circumstances would allow; and we cannot but think the modification is well worth the serious consideration of every Southern man. Should the Southern people think proper, after due investigation, to adopt the regulation in each of the slave States, slavery will then be regarded in an entire new light, and the enemies of the institution will be robbed of their most fruitful and plausible excuses for agitation and complaint. There may be, however, evils to contend with, and objections to be answered in the adoption of such a modification. We therefore leave the subject open for future consideration, and in the meantime invite a free examination of the subject by our readers."

Slavery, then, is, after all, a thing to be ameliorated? This divine institution, which, in all ages of the world, has had the sanction of God Almighty; which Jesus Christ never condemned by a word; which Paul, with a wonderful prescience of the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850, justified and sustained in an inspired Epistle, by the sending back of "a person bound to service or labour, to the person to whom such service or labour was due;" this blessed ameliorator of the condition of the unhappy African in this country, and still more blessed instrumentality of the conversion of the wretched Heathen African at home; this perfection of human wisdom, this universal evidence of Divine Grace, this crowning glory of the nineteenth century of the Christian era, is to be still more glorified by a process of "amelioration" devised and accomplished by an assembly of sages at Raleigh, North Carolina.

The impracticable and perverse opponents of this divine institution have said some hard things of it, within the last twenty years, and a good many hard things have been said of them in return, and things harder than words been imposed upon them, by those most eminent among us for piety, patriotism and wisdom. Some comfortable justifications, too, have not been denied them in the course of those years, but none so complete as the acknowledgments embraced in this new plan of the North Carolinians for the amelioration of slavery. John Wesley's strong assertion, that "Slavery is the sum of all villanies," is hardly a more compendious summary than that of these three propositions which are to be submitted, with the approval of the *Journal of Commerce*, to the consideration even as a question of discussion, that her system is herein truly described, a large share of repentance and penance will become those zealous persons who have heaped so much obloquy, contempt and denunciation upon the heads of the Abolitionists. Have they ever said anything more scathing than that slavery is a condition in which three millions of people are compelled to live in habitual disregard of the Seventh Commandment? Yet the proposition "to render legal the institution of marriage among slaves," is an explicit acknowledgment, that such an institution has no existence among them. And is it possible to conceive of any system of society so well calculated as such an one must be to confound all sense of moral obligation, in all who shall come within the circle of its influence? If it be possible to contrive a social state worse than this, it would be by making its next condition in accordance with the state of things which the second proposition of this plan of amelioration is intended to correct. Do away first with all purity, and then obliterate, as far as possible, the affections; deny the marital relation, and then destroy the parental tie, and we have, as the result, a life of brutes rather than of men. But if to this be added the acknowledged condition of the third proposition, and the slave is denied, by statute, the very rudiments of knowledge, is systematically debarred from all opportunity of developing in any way, except in his purely animal propensities, then the consequence must be precisely what it is seen to be at the South, what the Abolitionist has always declared it to be, and what the slaveholders now acknowledge it is—a social condition as base and degrading as human tyranny acting on human weakness and human passion can possibly make it. Hereafter, if any one discourses of slavery to the public, he need only point to this Southern portrait of the monster whose extermination he advocates—that it is a condition where there is no husband nor wife; where there are no parents nor children; where to read the name of God even is prohibited by law; and no civilized, not to say Christian, or humane man but should blush and hide his head to find himself on the same continent with so foul a thing.

Of course, we rejoice in any movement at the South which tends to expose the true character of her social system, or which aims at softening the terrible hardships of her slave population. But the Mississippi *Reveille* is much mistaken if it expects that the Abolitionists are to be disarmed and silenced if men and women at the

be suppressed, and all attempts to bring about that end are idle. Great Britain may sacrifice the lives of her seamen, and waste her treasure, in keeping up a navy on the Coast of Africa, but it is all to no purpose. The Trade, at this moment, is far more likely to be reopened with our Southern States, than it is to be abandoned anywhere where it now exists.

VIRGINIA ELECTION.—There has been great rejoicing among the anti-Know-Nothings at the North, for the last few days, at the success of the Democratic party in the Virginia election, and the defeat of the Know-Nothings. The President and his Cabinet are reported to be greatly rejoiced at this result, on the principle, doubtless, of gratitude for the smallest favours. The election, however, we conceive, is of importance only so far as it strikes at the nationality of the new party. Anything that draws the line more distinctly between the North and the South, and any event that tends to make an exclusively Northern party, is, so far, a thing to rejoice at.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLXVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent maketh a correction of the Press —He speaketh Evil of Dignities and likeneth a Governor to an Equestrian Monument—He differeth from Mr. Phillips and commendeth Gov. Gardner's wisdom in his Generation—He discourseth of baits and gudgeons—And indulgeth in a beatific vision—Of Microscopic Presidents.—Of Vice-Presidential probabilities.—Of Salutes returned—Of the General Court—Politicians how to be served up—Anniversary of the Burns week—Doings of Justice—The Correspondent chuckleth over them—He describeth the Liquor Sellers Meeting in Faneuil Hall—And their perplexities—How Anti-Slavery bothered them—What has been done so far—The Correspondent's opinion, &c., &c., &c.

BOSTON, May 28, 1855.

I SENT you in time for last week's STANDARD, a correction of a material error of the press in my last letter, for which I suppose you had not room. In speaking of a series of scandalous caricatures of Governor Gardner, I said of them in my manuscript that I was "*assured*" there was no ground for them. But your types make me "*afraid*" that this was the case! Now, though I am willing to look on and see that political Beggar on Horseback ride to the Devil in his own way and at his own pace, I do not wish to be understood as expressing any regret at his not taking a particular one of the Seven Deadly Sins in his way. So let your readers, and all the rest of mankind, including foreign nations and future ages, take notice of this correction and govern themselves accordingly.

So much for correction and reproof. That letter, if I recollect aright, was written before it was known what action the Governor would take in the matter of the Removal of Judge Loring. All the world knows about all that long ago, and have expressed their sense of the same, according to their different notions. I see mentioned that Mr. Phillips spoke of it at New York, as a ruinous political blunder on his part. I do not altogether take that view of it. This Mr. Gardner has not been regarded in these latitudes as a model of wisdom. Indeed, the Whig Party, while he was an active member of it, are said to have been in the habit of applying a metaphorical epithet to him drawn from Natural History, of rather an expressive than a complimentary nature. But I think he has shown wisdom in his generation in this action. It is true, that it will probably prevent his renomination in this State for the Governorship—though that is not certain, by any means; but, then, it puts him *rectus in curiâ* with the slaveholders who are preparing to enter in and possess the Kingdom of Know-Nothingism, as they have always done as to all the other Empires that have preceded it and which it is now grinding to powder. It is said that he looks as high as the Vice-Presidency of these United States. It is very likely that the hook was baited with something of that kind—for it is with painted flies of this sort that the Devil angles for gudgeons of this species. But only think of it! Suppose this should be done and the ticket chosen, and then that the Know-Nothing President should behave all one as if he were a Whig one, who, like the Young Gazelle of the Eastern Maiden, "is sure to die," and Henry J. Gardner should become President of the United States! That would even better the luck of Franklin Pierce. We had thought that the line of Presidents had reached at last the vanishing point; but there seems there may be a point even beyond invisibility. The people have now to take a Microscope when they want to examine their President. The time may, by possibility, come when they will have to set up a Solar Microscope, if they wish to see where he is.

I think, however, the Devil will slip that bait off the hook as soon as he has safely landed his fish. The Vice-Presidency is too high a prize to be wasted on so small and so uncertain a State as Massachusetts. Philadelphia or New York will claim the second place as their right. But I think Mr. Gardner has made out a good claim to something fat. What would you say to a Foreign Embassy for him? Capacity and fitness being, of course, never taken into consideration in such matters, he would do to make a Mercury out of as well as any other stick of wood. I think he is entitled to as good a thing as that —especially after his vetoing the Personal Liberty Bill. That was an excellent stroke of policy. It establishes his Nationality, or Nationalism, forever. And he must have enjoyed the idea of how thoroughly he had taken in the Anti-Slavery Know-Nothings. The General Court had the greatest satisfaction in passing the Bill over his head by the prodigious majority they did. It marked their entire and perfect contempt for him. And as the Hunkers had celebrated his action in the Loring matter by a Salute of artillery on the Common, the other side answered the Salute by another in honour of this action of the Legislature. In spite of all its blunders arising from its want of experience, this Legislature was the best we have had since the Revolution. It was the one that has most truly represented the people, in consequence of the shelving of the whole race of trading politicians, and the election of almost entirely new men. To be sure, as Mr. Phillips said, the people must take care and turn them all out and get a fresh supply every year. For there is no merchandise that so soon spoils as your politician. There is no *keeping* in him. All you can do is to use him and throw him away. To be good for anything he must be served up fresh and fresh, like oysters. But it is almost too much to hope for another Legislature as good as this. I suppose you know they passed the Bill forbidding the establishment of Separate Schools for Coloured Children, which Boston has hindered for so many years.

It is now just a year since the dreadful Burns week. And considering how slow justice usually is in overtaking her prey, I think she has done pretty well for the time. Loring, to be sure, is not kicked off the Bench; but he was well kicked for all that and will bear the marks the longest day he lives. It is almost as great a disgrace to him to be saved by one such poor creature as Gov. Gardner, as to have had his removal demanded by so great a majority of both Houses, representing a much larger proportion of the inhabitants of the State. Then, though we can't say much for the Governor we have got, at any rate, he is a new one and has come into office over the utter and ridiculous political ruin of his predecessors, who congratulated the Militia on their having broken the laws of the State he had sworn to maintain. Then, again, though Batcheldor was killed and the door of the City Barracoon broken down, no one has been punished or even tried for either, as yet. Judge Curtis has had to show the white feather and sneak out of the scrape he had got himself into in the best way he could, covering his retreat by giving a *sockdolager* to his own bottleholder, poor Hallett. And as to the Sims Brigade, they have fallen into the pit digged for them by President Pierce and been compelled to acknowledge that they were the slave-catching body-guard, which they had at first vehemently denied. They always affirmed that they had nothing to do with carrying back the slave; that they acted merely as the police of the City to keep the peace. But by accepting the pay of the Government they shut themselves out from ever telling this story again. Uncle Sam does n't pay the Boston police for keeping the peace of the City. But he does pay slave-catchers liberally. As such he offered them the thirty pieces of silver. They knew they had earned it and did not see what conclusions it involved. They did not "scorn the bribe." It was no bribe at all; but a fair (or foul) day's wages. They took their pay and can no more deny the nature of their service. All the gold lace and cock's tails on earth cannot hide the dirt with which the President has plastered them from head to foot. Thank God for that!

The new Liquor Law went into effect just a week ago. That day, and for days before, the walls had been placarded with loud calls to the People to assemble in Faneuil Hall to defend their National Rights and Personal Liberties. It looked, for all the world, like one of the Anti-Slavery Rallyings when some slave had been caught and is to be dealt with. The National Rights and Personal Liberties, however, that were in danger, were those of selling liquor and not of men. The Hall was overflowingly full; but those very confounded Anti-Slavery Meetings stood plaguily in the way of the oratory and action of the assembly. The great mass of the Liquor Interest, here as well as elsewhere, is of the most solid and conservative character. They were foremost among the men who rallied around Mr. Webster when that Blessed Martyr perished in the defence of the Constitution and the Union. They had been saying so lately that "Laws must be obeyed while they are laws," and boasting of their being "a law abiding people," that they found themselves fairly caught in their own trap, when they came to deal with a law that was really offensive to them. The only man that talked sense among them was the Rev. J. C. Lovejoy, who used to be a Liberty Party man, and who preached to them the Higher Law—that a bad Law was no law at all. All the rest of them, and the resolutions, expressly pledged the Meeting to a strict obedience to the Law. Than which nothing can be further from their purpose or practice. I am told that there has been no perceptible difference in the open sale of Liquor since the law went into effect. The promoters of the law, however, have taken the bull by the horns and have arrested the landlord of the Revere House and two or three of the largest wine merchants in the City. I believe their trials have not yet come off. Of course, they will exhaust all the law's delay and carry their case up as far as Appeals can go. That is, in case a conviction can be had. But I think it very uncertain whether a Boston jury can be found to convict this class of dealers, especially now that the Jury are judges of the law as well as of the fact. I do not believe that public sentiment, here, has reached the point of regarding the sale of wine and other liquors by hotel-keepers and wine merchants as an offence worthy of the House of Correction. And, if not, convictions are impossible. In many parts of the State there will be no difficulty about it. I imagine the Temperance Party will find that their law is *too* good for their purpose and that they will have to modify it materially before it will do what the State can and has a right to do in so nice a matter.

D. Y.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, May 29th, 1855.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In my last, I mentioned that we were on the *qui vive* in anticipation of a Lecture from Theodore Parker, but was not aware at the moment of writing that we were to have *two*. It appears that Mr. Parker has either become a "lion" or Anti-Slavery sentiments are considered so popular, when ably expressed and by individuals who have already inscribed their names upon the roll of fame, as to be considered a good stock for speculators to operate in. Arrangements had been made for a hearing in Sansom street Hall; but before Mr. Parker arrived, he received a communication from two persons, unknown to him, suggesting a second lecture, to be delivered in Concert Hall, on Wednesday evening, and giving as reasons its greater size and the inability of the place first named to accommodate all who would desire to hear him. To this Mr. Parker assented, supposing it to be an arrangement made by his anti-slavery friends for their and his mutual accommodation and for the benefit of the cause. The announcement of the second lecture made its appearance, accordingly, before the first was delivered. Numbers who wished to see and hear the speaker deferred going on the first evening, in order that "outsiders" might have an opportunity, which circumstance, together with the temptation of seeing and hearing the Governor, who had accepted an invitation to preside at the Colonization meeting, held at Concert Hall, on the same evening, had the effect of preventing a full house at Sansom street Hall, though the audience was large and of the right stamp, whilst the individuals who originated the Concert Hall meeting had, on Wednesday evening, the opportunity of reaping a very handsome profit from their speculation. This term may be considered misapplied, but, as they were never before known to take any interest in anti-slavery measures, and were unknown to those who have laboured longest in the cause, the presumption is that private interest predominated over philanthropy in their minds. Yet, so long as it gave another and fuller opportunity to Mr. Parker to make himself heard and understood, we may rejoice at the event. Conceive, for a moment, an audience, numerous and respectable, meeting in the most fashionable street of our city, in one of its finest halls, to listen to a discourse pointing, as plainly as words can point, to the absolute necessity for shaking off slavery entirely or for dissolving all union with it. Yet, in this city, where, a few years ago, Pennylvania Hall was burned because it had been erected by "Abolitionists," the sentiments of Theodore Parker on Slavery, its effects and probable results, were received with strong applause. Evidence of progress—is it not? There were those present, however, who came with other views than those of sympathy with the sentiments of the speaker, or of the cause which he advocated; and, if they did not give audible expression to them on the occasion, they gave vent to their outraged patriotism, with various degrees of vehemence, thereafter. Enclosed I send you one of these, being the opinion of the conservative press, as exhibited in a *leader* of the *Public Ledger*, and more calm and dispassionate than the rabid attack of the *North American* upon the old Bay State for daring, by the passage of the Personal Liberty Act, to undertake to *nullify* the mandates of the Slave Power. It deplores that act as a direct step towards a "dissolution of the Union," and denounces it as "treasonable" in the highest degree, although we had been taught, in Fourth of July Orations and similar ebullitions of patriotism, that personal liberty, excepting forfeited by crime, was the right of every man, and that the proper motto of our country was "Freedom, and Union for the sake of Freedom." It appears now, by some trick of legerdemain, to have been changed into *Slavery first, and Union for the support of Slavery*. All recent Federal legislation goes to prove that this last is our national emblazonry. Let Whigs, Democrats or Natives deny it, if they dare—disprove it if they can.

Governor Pollock has left us, after spending nearly two weeks in an examination of our educational and other institutions, having visited the Public Schools, the Coloured High School in Lombard street, as well as Gerard Collége (where none but *white* orphans can be admitted). He visited the Prisons, Almshouse, the various Asylums and Beneficial institutions, and, it is to be hoped, has been not only gratified, but benefitted and instructed by the examination made into their several conditions, objects and wants. He seemed to be especially pleased with the Coloured High School, and said that his visit to no other in the city had afforded him so much gratification.

Now that he is no longer among us, our politicians and news-seekers have their attention fixed on the Virginia election and its resnlts, which, much to the chagrin of the Natives or Know-Nothings, appears to have gone for Henry A. Wise and Virginia Democracy. Now, this was scarcely expected after the Native Organ at Washington and most of their Presses, North as well as South, had abjured all sympathy with the party and their acts in Massachusetts, and declared their determination to put an end to all agitation of the "Slave Question." It is, however, a just retribution upon them for their want of manhood and political honesty, and, much as we may have to fear, to hate or to despise in such men as Wise and his associates, we should prefer having the old and familiar enemy to contend with to a new one, whose measures and power for evil we would require time to ascertain and guard against. If the *Natives* cannot grasp the offices of the General Government without first subscribing to the demands of the Slave Power, may they never succeed, though we should see the country punished for its sins, by having such rulers as at present are wielding its destinies continued.

I neglected in my last to make any mention of the late futile attempt to procure a conviction, under the law of the United States, for *slave piracy*, which has been on the statute book until it is becoming hoary with age, without even having served the purpose of a "scarecrow" to those highly respectable gentlemen, in our city and yours, who build or buy and fit out vessels for the *foreign* slave trade. Everybody knows that the *domestic* trade in the article human beings—native-born, if not of the "best blood of Virginia," as one of her statesmen unguardedly asserted —is a legitimate business, and considered as *honourable* as any other branch of mercantile transactions, excepting by such "fanatics" as the Abolitionists are represented to be throughout our land. But the *foreign* trade was, some years ago, declared to be *piracy*, because the slave-growers of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and Kentucky wished to have the monopoly for supplying "stock" for the cotton and sugar plantations of the South. True, these latter have been restive, for some time, under the prohibition, and it is matter of some surprise that the Southern Convention which met last winter, and, for the twentieth time, *resolved* to have a direct trade with Europe for their cotton, did not also resolve on having direct trade with Africa for the chattels necessary to produce said cotton. The subject may have been considered too delicate to introduce where the rival interests of *breeders* and *buyers* might clash, and thereby endanger Southern ascendency by schism or conflict among its chivalry. They could afford to resolve to have no trade with New York or Boston, for daring to rebel against their iron rule; but to quarrel among themselves, for free trade in slaves from Africa as well as Virginia, would never do.

But to our case. Captain Darnaud, of the brig Grey Eagle, was put upon his trial, in this city, Judge Kane presiding, and it is but justice to the United States Attorney for this District, Mr. Van Dyke, to say that it was from no neglect of duty or want of legal acumen on his part that the prisoner escaped the punishment which the law awards to the crime (death), but solely owing to the construction of the law, which is such that a conviction under it is a matter of great difficulty. It requires that if the parties engaged in the foreign slave trade are *foreigners*, as was the case with Darnaud, the *vessel* must be proven to be American, by being owned wholly or in part by an American citizen. To you, who have had ample opportunity for becoming acquainted with the facilities offered to slave traders by the mercantile interest and the Custom-house officers of New York, it is needless to say that, in this as in all other instances where investigations have been made, there was doubt as to the ownership of the vessel, and every such doubt operates to relieve the accused from a conviction. Captain Darnaud, though proven guilty of slave-trading, was thus declared *not guilty*.

The health of our City is good; deaths for the past week, 199, among which was that of Catherine McElroy, who had reached the age of 111 years. What changes has the world undergone within this single life! More than double, perhaps triple, the population of the whole earth at this day have been born, acted their part in the drama of life, and departed from the stage, since she entered upon the arena. How far she was sensible of or influenced by the progress of events and the march of discovery and improvement by which she was surrounded, I am unable to say, having no knowledge of her history beyond what is contained in the notice of her funeral.

Business, we are informed by newspaper correspondents, is dull in New York, and the same may be said of Philadelphia. I presume the malady is epidemic, if not contagious, and can only be removed by an abundant harvest and care, economy and industry.

The condition of our City Finances is giving present employment to our municipal guardians, and the exigency of the case is such as to induce an effort to effect a retrenchment of expenditures, which, during the apparent prosperity of former years, had grown too rampant to be endured in silence by the tax-payers under the present stringent condition of monetary affairs. Office-seeking as a means of subsistence, if not a road to fortune, is pursued by too large a portion of our population, and principles are moulded to suit parties, or bribes offered to secure place, with as much ease and unblushing hardihood as in countries where corruption has had a much longer time in which to "run to seed" than our own has yet to boast of. As one step towards drying up this stream of official patronage, the State proposes to sell the Line of Public Improvements between this city and Pittsburg; but whether a company can at this time be found able and willing to pay, in the manner and forms stipulated, the required sum of eight and a half millions of dollars, is problematical.

We have not quite reached the Maine Law either, so cannot determine the truthfulness of the prophecy of an old German conservative of the Democratic school, who gave his opinion to some of the progressive members of his party in the following pithy terms: "I tell you what it is, shentlemans, if you bays dat Maine Law, and sell de public works, I wouldn't give a *tam* for de Democratic party." Now, I will not say that his estimate of the patriotism of his party was too low, but it were well to keep temptation away from all parties, whether in the form of office, from Canal Commissioner to car-greaser, or the form of poisonous wines and fiery whiskey. Nevertheless, we are threatened with awful rebellion if the Liquor law be enforced, and may prepare ourselves for another "Whiskey Insurrection" in our State if the *grog* be stopped. Poor evidences of a highly enlightened age, when a depraved appetite takes the place of reason.

NEMO.

New Publications.

RESULTS OF PROHIBITION IN CONNECTICUT. Edited by HENRY S. CHUBB, Secretary of the Maine Liquor Law Statistical Society. New York: Fowlers & Wells.

A pamphlet showing, by special returns from every County in the State of Connecticut, the results of the Prohibitory Liquor Law. These returns are the contributions of a large number of official and unofficial persons, and, as they may, without doubt, be implicitly relied upon, must certainly settle the question that, thus far, the Law has done all that its friends expected of it. The book is embellished with excellent portraits of Dr. Beecher, H. W. Beecher, and Mr. Pierpont, and with a useful map showing over what States the Law is already extended It is noticeable that this map in black and white is nearly as correct as a map of Slave and Free States as it is of the extent of the Prohibitory Law.

THE PRACTICAL LAND DRAINER, &c. By B. MUNN. *C. M. Saxton, New York.* The importance and utility of draining land is attracting more and more attention, of late, in this country, though it is as yet but little understood. The subject is undoubtedly one of great importance to every man who owns a farm or garden; but to many who acknowledge this, the difficulty hitherto has been to get at just the sort of practical information needed to undertake successfully and understandingly such an operation. Every good farmer understands, better, perhaps, than those engaged in any other calling, that a thing had better not be done at all than be done in a poor way or a wrong one; for the fruits of a farmer's labour are positive or nothing at all; he cannot say of a poor crop, as a carpenter, a blacksmith or a mason may of a poor job—he will patch it up, and make it do. So, bad draining is time, money and labour lost, and is worse than none at all. And many have not attempted to do a thing, of the utility of which they do not need to be convinced, because there has been this practical difficulty in the way—they have not known how to do it well.

This book of Mr. Munn is the first complete one, we believe, which has been published in this country. He has availed himself of all that has been written and done in England upon the subject, where draining is almost as common, and considered almost as necessary, as ploughing. He describes fully and accurately the different kinds of draining; shows where it is necessary and where it is desirable that it should be done, as well as where it is best not to attempt it; and discusses clearly, but succinctly, the principle involved in such treatment of the soil. The book is one which will be read with pleasure even by those who are familiar with the subject, and with profit by those who need information about it.

ANTI-SLAVERY TRACTS.

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have issued the following tracts for gratuitous distribution:

No. 1. THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION, EXAMINED.
No. 2. WHITE SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.
No. 3. COLONIZATION. By Rev. O. B. Frothingham.
No. 4. DOES SLAVERY CHRISTIANIZE THE NEGRO? By Rev. T. W. Higginson.
No. 5. THE INTER-STATE SLAVE TRADE. By John G. Palfrey.
No. 6. THE "RUIN" OF JAMAICA. By Richard Hildreth.
No. 7. REVOLUTION THE ONLY REMEDY FOR SLAVERY.
No. 8. TO MOTHERS IN THE FREE STATES. By Mrs. E. L. Follen.
No. 9. INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY UPON THE WHITE POPULATION.
No. 10. SLAVERY AND THE NORTH. By C. C. Burleigh.
No. 11. DISUNION OUR WISDOM AND OUR DUTY. By Rev. Charles E. Hodges.
No. 12. POETICAL PIECES.
No. 13. THE TWO ALTARS: OR, TWO PICTURES IN ONE. By Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe.

The Committee feel that they may well congratulate the Society, and all who desire the downfall of slavery, upon the highexcellence of this series of tracts. They deal with their various subjects in a masterly way, and are suited, and, we believe, destined to do a great work in behalf of genuine anti-slavery.

Other tracts are expected soon to follow.

We hope that the members of the Society, and the friends of the anti-slavery cause, will not allow the Tract Publication Fund to become exhausted. The demand for the tracts has been great, and still continues. They have been sent to all parts of the Eastern, Central and Western States. At the particular suggestion of a much-respected friend of the anti-slavery cause, we add that the cost of stereotyping a tract of eight pages, and publishing *five thousand copies* of it, is about Fifty Dollars. The cost of *stereotyping* is not far from one dollar and fifty cents per page.

In making donations, persons can indicate the particular tract, or tracts, in behalf of which they may prefer to have their donations applied.

Donations should be sent to FRANCIS JACKSON, Boston, Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

In behalf of the Executive Committee.

Summary.

At St. Louis, W. G. Carr has been mulcted in $1,200 damages for allowing a slave of Mary G. Cline to cross the Missouri river in his ferry boat.

Judge Edmond's opinion sustaining the new liquor law (remarks the *Evening Post*) has, at least, the merit of disinterestedness, for he is, himself, one of the most extensive dealers in *spirits* in the country.

Robert Bonner has *sworn* to the truth of the statement (which some of the papers have been denying) that Fanny Fern is to receive $100 a column for a story she is writing for the *Ledger*.

"SAM" A NATIVE OF ROME.—Martin Luther (says the *Evening Post*) gave this account of an order which bears a very decided resemblance in many respects to the present organization.

"In Italy there was a particular order of friars called *Fratres Ignorentiæ*, that is Brethren of Ignorance, who took a solemn oath that they would neither know, learn or understand anything at all, but answer all things with *Nesoio*, 'I know nothing.'"

A PREACHER DRIVEN FROM MISSOURI.—A clergyman by the name of David White, preacher in Chillicothe, Missouri, on Sunday, the 18th ult., having spoken disrespectfully of slavery, a lot of Know-Nothings waited upon him and informed him that he must leave the State immediately, or the "Order" would administer a coat of tar and feathers, and conduct him out on a rail! They informed him that his name would be forwarded to every council in the State, with a notice of his crime.—*Springfield Herald.*

FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE—ALMOST.—We learn from the *Boston Journal* that a fugitive from slavery was brought to that city a day or two since from the South, and almost simultaneously a telegraphic dispatch was received from his late master offering a reward of $500 for his arrest. Some overzealous individual tried to interest the U. S. Marshal in the case, but it not coming before him in due course of his duty, he would have nothing to do with it. In the meantime the fugitive was started for Canada by the Underground Railroad.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

SLAVEHOLDERS' PLANS IN KANSAS.—From rumours that have lately reached us, we are led to infer that the Atchison mobocrats never lose sight of the spoils. They have laid out the town of Calhoun, K. T., to which place the Legislature elected to do their bidding will adjourn and establish the seat of government, and expend the $25,000 appropriated by government to erect public buildings, when the nullifiers will sell out and make their fortunes before the people of Kansas can right themselves in the premises.—*Missouri Democrat.*

The *Ellsworth Herald* makes the following astute observation:

"It may not seem to us that the doings of Senator Atchison of Missouri, at least such as are ascribed to him in reference to the late election in Kansas, can be deemed respectable."

This reminds us (adds the *Tribune*) of the remark of Sir Callahan O Brallaghan in the play, who said he had "always been of the opinion that it does not comport with the character of a gentleman to behave like a d—d scoundrel." To which Sir Archy Macsycophant replies, "An excellent remark, and vary noo."

THE AMERICAN PARTY IN GEORGIA AND THE SLAVERY QUESTION.—It is generally understood that the American party in Georgia assembled in State Council at Macon, on Wednesday week. It was ordered that the following resolution, adopted by Council, and handed us by the President (says the *American Organ*), should be published:

"Resolved, That slavery and slave institutions are protected by the Constitution of the United States, and the obligation to maintain them is not sectional, but national; that the right to establish them in the organization of State governments belongs to the native and naturalized citizens; and that Congress has no constitutional power to intervene, by excluding a new State applying for admission into the Union, upon the ground that the Constitution of such State recognises slavery."

HIVING BEES.—A chap out in Louisiana recently took a notion for a bath in an inviting stream, which flowed through a field he was engaged in ploughing, and divesting himself of his clothes for the purpose, hung his unmentionables upon the limb of a locust tree, hard by. He had luxuriated for some half hour, and swam back to his starting point, when he perceived a bevy of young damsels approaching with their flower baskets. He scampered up the bank and into his breeches, but alas! unhappy man, not soon enough. They were occupied. A small colony of bees were in possession. He reports that he got home; but how, he knows not. "Thinks he ran;" knows he halloo'd, and is sure the girls laughed. His friends found in his pantaloons a number of dead bees, some angry ones, and the biggest half of a very sore youth.—*Worcester Transcript.*

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The Legislature of Wisconsin has recently passed a law relative to the rights of married women. It is as follows:

"Any married woman whose husband, either from drunkenness, profligacy or from any other cause, shall neglect or refuse to provide for her support, or for the support and education of her children, shall have the right in her own name to transact business, and to receive and collect her own earnings, and the earnings of her minor children, and apply the same for her own support, and the support and education of such children, free from the control and interference of her husband or any person claiming the same or claiming to be released from the same by or through her husband: Provided, That if it is denied by plea that either of the causes enumerated in this act, as entitling the married women to sue in her own name, exists in point of fact, then the issue upon this plea shall be tried and determined by the jury trying the case with the other issues submitted."

Judge Edmonds, late of the New York Supreme Court, has given a written opinion in favour of the constitutionality of the new liquor law. He has reached the following conclusions:

"1. That it is competent for the State Legislature to regulate and prohibit the domestic traffic of intoxicating liquors among its citizens.

"2. That the act in question in prohibiting the traffic in this State among its citizens is constitutional and valid, and is as applicable to imported liquors, after leaving the importer's hands, as to any other, the power of Congress and the reservation in the first and twenty-second sections of this act relating only to foreign liquors while yet in the hands of the importer, and before commingling with the mass of other property in the country.

"3. That the means provided by the statute for the enforcement of its enactments are lawful and valid.

"4. And that the duty of enforcing the statute is not confined to the officers specially named in it, but it is devolved upon all those whose general duty it is to enforce any of the laws of this State against crime."

THE LEAVENWORTH MANSLAUGHTER.—We (*Chicago Tribune*) are permitted to publish the following private letter from C. McCrea, Esq., the man who shot Malcolm Clark, a few weeks since, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas Territory:

"FORT LEAVENWORTH GRAND HOUSE,
"KANSAS, May 8, 1855.

"DEAR FATHER: Before this note shall have come to hand, you, doubtless, will have heard of my misfortune by the papers, though I can not exactly according to date. The question of slavery here has come to such a pitch of excitement that we are on the eve of a civil war, and it has been my misfortune to strike the first fatal blow at a meeting relative to claims, which took a strong party turn, as everything in this district territory does.

"I was hearing the party and leader of the opposite party to call some of the persons voting a fraud (i. e. deciding a vote against 2-3), he rushed at me with a piece of 2-by-4 scantling. I fled from him till he struck me, then I shot him through the body. He died in about ten or twenty minutes. I was also shot at as I retreated after Clark's blow, but not wounded; was afterward shot and slightly wounded. Our party was not as great on the ground as the Pro-Slavery or we should have had some more work to do. I expect to get out on small bail soon. Your affectionate son, C. MCCREA."

CHOLERA IN KANSAS.—There is no doubt that the rumour of epidemic cholera in Kansas has been started and kept afloat for the purpose of checking Northern emigration into that Territory. The *Herald of Freedom*, printed at Lawrence, under date of the 12th ult., says:

"Whether Cholera indeed exists on the river, we have very great doubt. There have been several deaths on boats during their upward passage, and in some respects the disease is similar to the cholera; but thus far its attack has been limited wholly to those who are accustomed to the excessive use of spiritous liquors, and rarely has it extended to eastern people for Kansas. One gentleman, a merchant, from some place in Pennsylvania, died at the Union Hotel in Kansas City, and that isolated case is sufficient to alarm the nation.

"Missourians have learned that Eastern people are more alarmed with the cry of cholera than they are with that of bowie knives and revolvers, and the consequence is, from this time forth every telegraphic dispatch from the river towns to the East, will be replete with the number of deaths by cholera, and weak nerved people will allow themselves to be imposed upon by such reports."

The *Southern Cultivator* has the following hideous announcement:

"We find the following in a late number of our spicy cotemporary, the *Edgefield* (S. C.) *Advertiser*, and would commend the example of Col. Frazier to other masters and employers:

"OVERSEERS READ THIS!—It will be remembered by the Overseers of Edgfield, that Col. M. Frazier has offered a fine watch as a reward to the Overseer (working not less than ten hands) who will report the best managed farm, largest crop per hand of cotton, corn, wheat and pork for the present year.

"Col. Frazier has just returned from the North and laid before us this elegant prize. It is a fine English lever watch, encased in a heavy silver hunting case upon the back of which is beautifully engraved, "Presented by M. Frazier, Edgefield, S. C., as a reward of merit."

"'We assure those who are contestants for this valuable prize that it is eminently worthy of the donor and calculated to call forth all the energy and skill which the candidates may be possessed. Remember then that the prize is now fairly upon the stake and that "the longest pole knocks down the persimmon." Whip! Whip! Hurrah!"

ARRIVAL OF SLAVES—THE MOBLEY FAMILY.—A family of free slaves, eight in number, the wife and children of Rev. Hardy Mobley, late himself a slave, as well as a Methodist clergyman, in Augusta, Ga., arrived in the city on Monday last, in care of Rev. J. Morris Pease (brother of Rev. Lewis M. Pease, of this City), to whose indefatigable perseverance they are in a great measure indebted for their freedom. The husband and father had purchased his own freedom a year since, his master, the late John Adams, of Adams & Hopkins, Augusta, having relinquished, on his death-bed, over $2,000 of his price. His family were purchased for $1,000 (through the agency of Mr. Pease, by whom the money was raised), under a promise given him by the late Madame Dupas, their owner, to sell them for that sum, relinquishing half the price asked, which was $6,000. The lady having died in the meantime, without giving effect or attestation to her intentions, the heirs united in a petition to the Chancellor for a special decree to enable them to carry those intentions into effect, which was granted, and the slaves were immediately conveyed to Mr. Pease, and brought by him to New York. They will go out to Liberia in the Fall, as part of a new mulatto settlement projected by the New Jersey Colonization Society, which has appropriated $3,000 to found it.

For the present, the family have been placed in the Five Points House of Industry, where they are in a state of utter destitution, and donations for their benefit will be thankfully received by the Superintendent.—*N. Y. Daily Times, May 26.*

A SLAVE CASE AMONG THE SHAKING QUAKERS.—Thomas Davis, of Montgomery County, died many years ago, providing by his will that a negro girl belonging to him should serve the heirs of his son till she arrived at the age of forty, and that she and all her increase should then be free. Not long since she attained the age of forty, her descendants numbering twenty-one or twenty-two, and being held to service by Lewis Woods, John H. Woods, and John McCutcheu, of Logan County near Shakertown.

The negroes wished to sue for their freedom, and in such a suit, the name of a white man was deemed necessary. Under these circumstances, James Richards, a member of the Society of Shakers, came forward in the suit as their next friend. The case is to be decided by the Court in August.

We understand that on account of the connection of James Richards with this suit, considerable excitement has been got up in Logan County not only against him but against the whole Shaker Society there. They are denounced as Abolitionists.

We do not know that the facts have been stated to us correctly, Mr. Richards being our only authority. We can answer for Kentuckians, however, that they are always ready to applaud rather than condemn a white man who interferes for the vindication of the rights of negroes legally entitled to freedom. But Mr. R. assures us that, whether his own conduct in the affair has been right or wrong, his brother Shakers are not responsible for it.

He says there is no sentiment of Abolitionism among the Shakers, that they require their members to have nothing to do with lawsuits, that his appearance as the next friend of the negroes was contrary to the approbation of the elders, and that he has been consequently suspended from his connection with the Society, until the case shall have been decided.—*Louisville Journal, May 25.*

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—The following extract is from a letter dated New Orleans, May 9, 1855, from an officer in the army to the Commissioner of Patents:

"I send you herewith some seeds for distribution, used here in the cure of the bite of the mad dog. It is considered as an effectual remedy in the Parish of St. Bernard of this State, and the cures which are stated to have been effected from their use are certainly very remarkable. I regret not being able to give you their botanical name; but the plant is a tropical one, coming from Mexico—I believe, from the Department of Tobasca. The seeds are called here *graines contre le rage* and are used as follows:

"Three of them are broken up and pounded into small pieces, and put into a wineglass of the best sherry (Xeres), and allowed to steep for about twenty-four hours, and then being well stirred up, swallowed by the patient. The dose is repeated three times a day for about nine days, when the person or animal may be considered as cured. I am told that even dogs which have been bitten by a rabid animal have been cured by this treatment, or by putting a larger quantity of these seeds in their food.

"The seed must be soaked in water twenty-four hours before planting, and the plant must be protected from the rays of the sun while still young and tender. It resembles much the okra plant, and should be planted late in the Spring."

NEGRO PASSES—THE EVILS OF INDULGING SLAVES.—The New Orleans *Crescent* complains of the evils resulting from the abuse of the system of giving passes to slaves. The indiscriminate license extended to them by indulgent masters in this respect, seems to have had the effect of utterly demoralizing them, by the frequent opportunities which it affords for drinking, gambling and other vices, to which the slave population, if not properly restrained, are especially addicted, and which have already resulted in the utter ruin of many efficient hands.

This however, does not seem to be confined to the owners of these chattels, but it has been discovered that the practice of *forging passes* has now become a regular business in New Orleans, and that any negro, by paying a dollar, can obtain a pass. It is urged that the Common Council of the city should take prompt measures to regulate and prescribe the manner in which such passes shall in future be given.

It is found to be useless or impossible to prosecute the forgers, with any hope of a conviction, because slave evidence, which would be mainly relied upon at the trial, would be of no avail against that of the forgers and their confederates, and where one forger was convicted, thousands of fraudulent passes would be written. The *Crescent* suggests that a different form of passess should be adopted each month, to be procured by masters from the Chief of Police. This, though an inconvenience at first, would, it is thought, ultimately prove highly beneficial, and probably entirely remedy the evil complained of.—*Post.*

A LITTLE LIKE KIDNAPPING.—John W. Bell, a coloured boy eighteen years of age, of Dayton, who has been of late employed on several steamboats on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and more recently on the steamer Falls City, was left at Grand Lake, Ark., on the 10th of May, having been put off that boat which is not satisfactorily explained, but under circumstances of a very suspicious character. He was arrested probably as a runaway slave, and unless the proof is forthcoming, will be sold into slavery. A gentleman at Grand Lake, at the boy's instance, wrote the following letter to Mr. J. P. Ohmer, of this city:

"GRAND LAKE, ARKANSAS, Monday, May 14, 1855.

"MR. PETER OHMER—*Dear Sir:* Yesterday the steamboat Falls City put of a mulatto man who says his name is John Bell, and that he is free, and that his home is in Dayton, Ohio; that he has one sister there, and a brother in Miamsburg, who keeps a barber's shop there; also one sister in Xenia, Ohio. The boy, John Bell, was taken up yesterday, by some gentlemen, and they intend to take him to the jail of this county. He is now in my house in my charge, and I will try to get them to let me keep him till he can prove himself free, which I have but little doubt is so. If he is taken to jail his expenses will be great before he gets out. So if his friends come after him, they must be prepared, as he is left here without any money, or very little. He wishes you also to inform his brother of it, and Thomas Mumford, and by so doing you will much oblige John Bell.

"N. B. Write me at Grand Lake, Chicot County, Arkansas, as soon as this reaches you, as the people here are willing to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and not take property from one that does not meddle with their concerns, as is often done by the people of Ohio. Yours, &c., HENRY GODFREY."

Bell was for some time in the employ of Judge Hart and is well known in this city.

The evidence of his freedom were yesterday forwarded to Arkansas.—*Dayton (O.) Gazette, May 23.*

LYNCHING A FREE SOILER IN MISSOURI.—The Rochester *Democrat* of the 26th instant, tells the following story:

"In one of our issues of last week, under the head of 'Pluck in Kansas,' we published an extract from the Platte *Argus* (Atchison's organ), printed in Weston, Mo.

"In that article it was stated that the pro-slavery men of Leavenworth City, K.T., had arrested a lawyer, named Phillips, of that town, and commenced preparations for tarring and feathering him; but, upon the collecting of a band of freemen determined to rescue him, he was set at liberty again by the lawless gang who had seized his person.

"It seems that the offence of Mr. Phillips is that he is a Free Soiler; and it is pretended by the pro-slavery men that he handed McCrea the revolver with which Malcolm Clark was killed. This is probably false

Miscellaneous Department.

THE MUSE IN LIVERY.

THERE is a volume of verse too little known for which I must express a particular liking. It is a thin octavo, printed at London in seventeen hundred and thirty-two. The frontispiece is curious. It represents a young man who, although his right leg is tied to a log inscribed Despair, and his left leg is tied by a chain of Poverty to a never-ceasing circle of Misery, Folly, and Ignorance, is grasping at the tree of Happiness, Virtue, and Knowledge. His left hand, with which he is eagerly reaching at what he sees before him, is winged with Desire. His face is full of honest earnestness, and the title of his book is A Muse in Livery, or the Footman's Miscellany.

This humble Miscellany is dedicated to the subscribers. "I have not," he says, "the vanity to think it is to any merit in myself, or these poor performances, that I owe the honour of being allowed to place so many great names at the beginning of them. No; I am very sensible it is, in some, who know my condition, from charity; in others, from generosity; and by many it is intended only as a compliment to the person whom I have the honour and (as I have just cause to esteem it) the happiness to serve." Few in his station of life, he justly remarks, are able to find leisure for verse; "and what," he exclaims, "can be expected from the pen of a poor footman?—a character that expresses a want both of friends, fortune, and all the advantages of a liberal education; but I will seek no other excuse for what follows, than the candour and good nature of my readers will, I hope, supply, when they recollect that the author lies under all the disadvantages of an uncultivated mind; his natural genius suppressed by the sense of his low condition—a condition from which he never hopes to rise, but by the goodness of Providence influencing some generous mind to support an honest and a grateful heart."

This honest and grateful heart was a native of Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire, and a footman in the service of Lady Lowther, aunt to that rich Lord Lonsdale who died in eighteen hundred and two, with a small portion of his property—fifty thousand pounds—in gold, in his house. His name was Robert Dodsley; and the noble nature that assisted him to rise, and made him what he afterwards became—one of the most eminent publishers of his time—was no less a person than the poet Pope. When Dodsley doffed his livery, and sought to establish himself as a bookseller, Pope lent him one hundred pounds, to open a shop, and, better still, made him his own publisher.

But I am forestalling events; for I have not yet done with the little volume of verse, A Muse in Livery. The most characteristic, if not the best poem in his Footman's Miscellany, is, The Footman: an Epistle to his friend, Mr. Wright, in which he describes, with graphic power and great ease of versification, his daily life during a London season.

> Dear Friend—Since I am now at leisure,
> And in the country taking pleasure,
> If it be worth your while to hear
> A silly Footman's business there,
> I'll try to tell in easy rhyme
> How I in London spend my time.
> And first,
> As soon as laziness will let me,
> I rise from bed and down I sit me,
> To cleaning glasses, knives, and plate,
> And such like dirty work as that
> Which, by-the-bye, is what I hate.
> This done, with expeditious care,
> To dress myself I straight prepare.
> I clean my buckles, black my shoes,
> Powder my wig and brush my clothes—
> Take off my beard and wash my face,
> And then I'm ready for the chase.
> Down comes my lady's woman strait:
> Where's Robin? Here! Pray take your Hat,
> And go—and go—and go—and go—;
> And this—and that desire to know.
> The charge received, away run I,
> And here, and there, and yonder fly,
> With Services, and How-d'ye-does;
> Then home return my draught with news.
> Here some short time does interpose,
> 'Till warm effluvias greet my nose,
> Which from the spits and kettles fly,
> Declaring dinner-time is nigh.
> To lay the cloth I now prepare,
> With uniformity and care;
> In order knives and forks are laid,
> With folded napkins, salt, and bread:
> The sideboards glittering, too, appear,
> With plate, and glass, and china-ware.
> Then ale, and beer, and wine decanted,
> And all things ready which are wanted,
> The smoking dishes enter in,
> To stomachs sharp a grateful scene;
> Which on the table being placed,
> And some few ceremonies past,
> They all sit down, and fall to eating,
> Whilst I behind stand silent waiting.
> This is the only pleasant hour
> Which I have in the twenty-four;
> For whilst I unregarded stand,
> With ready salver in my hand,
> And seem to understand no more
> Than just what's called for, out to pour;
> I hear, and mark the courtly phrases,
> And all the elegance that passes;
> Disputes maintained without digression,
> With ready wit, and fine expression;
> The laws of true politeness stated,
> And what good-breeding is, debated:
> Where all unanimously exclude
> The vain coquet, the formal prude,
> The ceremonious, and the rude.
> The flattering, fawning, praising train;
> The fluttering, empty, noisy, vain;
> Detraction, smut, and what's profane.
> This happy hour elaps'd and gone,
> The time of drinking tea comes on.
> The kettle fill'd, the water boil'd,
> The cream provided, biscuits pil'd,
> And lamp prepar'd; I strait engage
> The Lilliputian equipage
> Of dishes, saucers, spoons, and tongs,
> And all th' etcetera which thereto belongs.
> Which rang'd in order and decorum,
> I carry in, and set before 'em;
> Then pour or Green, or Bohea out,
> And, as commanded, hand about.
> This business over, presently
> The hour of visiting draws nigh:
> The chairmen strait prepare the chair,
> A lighted flambeau I prepare;
> And orders given where to go,
> We march along, and bustle thro'
> The parting crouds, who all stand off
> To give us room. O how you'd laugh!
> To see me strut before a chair,
> And with a sturdy voice and air
> Crying, by your leave, sir! have a care!
> From place to place with speed we fly,
> And rat-tatat the knockers cry:
> Pray, is your lady, sir, within?
> If no, go on; if yes, we enter in.
> Then to the Hall I guide my steps
> Amongst a crowd of brother skips,
> Drinking small beer, and talking smut,
> And this fool's nonsense putting that fool's out;
> Whilst oaths and peals of laughter meet,
> And he who's loudest is the greatest wit.
> But here amongst us the chief trade is
> To rail against our lords and ladies;
> To aggravate their smallest failings,
> T' expose their faults with saucy railings.
> For my part, as I hate the practice,
> And see in them how base and black 'tis,
> To some bye place I therefore creep,
> And sit me down, and feign to sleep;
> And could I with old *Morpheus* bargain
> Twould save my ears much noise and jargon.
> But down my lady comes again,
> And I'm released from my pain.
> To some new place our steps we bend,
> The tedious evening out to spend;
> Sometimes, perhaps, to see the play
> Assembly, or the opera;
> Then home and sup, and thus we end the day.

There are many versifiers considered as poets by the charity of criticism, whose rhymes have found a place in the great body of English poetry, whose unliveried muses have written infinitely worse than Lady Lowther's footman.

No one has told us when and how the Muse in Livery became acquainted with the Muse at Twickenham. "All fly to Twickenham" is Pope's own bill of complaint against the fraternity of scribblers who molested him on Sunday; and it is probable that Dodsley introduced himself to the poet by a copy of complimentary verses, for the little nightingale was not averse to flattery. But an easier mode of introduction may easily be inferred. The Muse in Livery left the service of Lady Lowther, and entered that of Charles Dartiqueneuve, Esq., a great epicure, whose ham pie is made immortal by Pope. Darty—for so he was called by his acquaintances as well as by the poet—is described by Swift in his Journal to Stella thus briefly: "Do you know Dartiqueneuve? That is the man that knows everything and that everybody knows—the greatest punner of the town next myself." Here he easily attained that relish for good bits and good sups which he continued to like, though never to any excess of indulgence. Darty was, it is said, the natural son of Charles the Second by a foreign lady, and his portrait in the Kit-Kat series seems to support a belief (unless it suggested it) that was once very general. But he has other claims to our remembrance; he is the author of one of the best papers in The Tatler.

When still in service, and anxiously longing for that time when he could emerge from a position distasteful to his feelings and cultivate the natural ambition of bettering himself in the world, the Muse in Livery produced a farce called the Toy-shop, which by Pope's interest Rich was induced to exhibit on the stage. The Toyshop took the town; and though it has more merit in dialogue than construction, and is fitter for perusal than representation, it continued a stock-piece, and was acted at Drury Lane within the memory of many who are now alive. The first night was the third of February, seventeen hundred and thirty-five, and the place of representation Covent Garden Theatre.

It was in the same year (when George the Second was king) that the Muse in Livery appeared as a publisher in Pall Mall. There was something of the footman, as well as of the sensible shopman, in this selection of a locality. This was the first move westward of the publishing interest, for Lintot lived in Fleet Street, and Tonson, his rival, in the Strand. Oddly enough, both Lintot and Tonson were removed by death almost within a year of the appearance of Dodsley as a publisher. There was therefore a good opening for an enterprising successor, and Dodsley availed himself of the opportunity with equal energy and prudence. Tully's Head was the sign of his shop, and an epic in quarto his first publication.

In the present state of poetry, neither Mr. Murray nor Mr. Moxen would recommend a young publisher to have anything whatever to do with an epic in any shape. But when Dodsley flourished, poetry was not, as now, a drug in the market, and the epic put forth from Tully's head—it was the Leonidas of Glover—was a successful hit. Glover was a young merchant in the City, of wealth and family, and with a good West-end and Court interest. His book sold, and Dodsley was encouraged into other speculations.

Pope, who seems to have employed more publishers than any other poet, came to Dodsley's assistance, and the second publication of the Muse out of Livery was "The Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace, translated by Mr. Pope," printed in folio, price one shilling. This was followed the next year by "The Universal Prayer, by the author of the Essay on Man." The Prayer was published in folio and octavo, and had a large and immediate run. The folio price was sixpence. Another publication which Pope entrusted the same year to Dodsley was his Satire by way of a Second Dialogue, called One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight, of which the sale was very large and very profitable.

In the year in which these poems were published, two men—whose names are now known wherever letters are known—found their way to Tully's Head in Pall Mall, both bringing poems for publication. One was Richard Savage, with a Volunteer Laurel; the other was Samuel Johnson, with his London, a Poem in imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal. Dodsley published both poems. Johnson read his London to Doddy—as he delighted to call him—and observed with proper pride, that the Tonson of Tully's Head had spoken of it as a creditable thing to be concerned in. At a future conference he bought it outright for ten guineas. "I might perhaps have accepted less," said Johnson to Boswell; "but that Paul Whitehead had a little before got ten guineas for a poem, and I would not take less than Paul Whitehead." Dodsley did well with this purchase; for London was in a second edition within a week, and in a fourth edition within a year.

Dodsley was not so happy with his next publication. This was a satire, entitled Manners, by Paul Whitehead—a small poet—for which both poet and publisher were summoned before the House of Lords. Whitehead, who hung loose on society, sculked and escaped, but Dodsley's shop and family made his appearance necessary. After a week's confinement, and on his petition, he was, on his knees, reprimanded by the Lord Chancellor, and discharged on paying the fees. The whole process, it is thought, was intended rather to intimidate Pope than punish Whitehead. Pope understood it as such, and suppressed a third Dialogue. The complaint was made by Sherlock, Bishop of Salisbury. The fees were seventy pounds.

The money lost by this prosecution was more than made up by the active sympathy expressed in his behalf. The next morning, as he told Dr. Warton, the neighbouring street was crowded with the carriages of some of the first noblemen and gentlemen, who came to offer him their services and to be his bail. Among those who thus honoured him, he named to Warton, five lords, Chesterfield, Marchmont, Granville, Bathurst, and Essex, and two well-known members of the House of Commons, Mr. Pulteney and Mr. Lyttelton.

Dodsley's next publications of note were the Night Thoughts of Dr. Young (of which he published the first six) and The Pleasures of Imagination, of Dr. Akenside. For the first three Night Thoughts he gave two hundred guineas, and for Akenside's poem one hundred and twenty pounds. Speaking of Arkenside's poem, Johnson observes, "I have heard Dodsley, by whom it was published, relate, that when the copy was offered him, the price demanded for it, which was a hundred and twenty pounds, being such as he was not inclined to give precipately, he carried the work to Pope, who, having looked into it, advised him not to make a niggardly offer, for this was no every-day writer."

His business as a bookseller did not altogether interfere with his cultivation of the Muse. In seventeen hundred and forty-three he published The Cave, of Pope—a Prophecy—in which he foretells the interest and veneration with which the grotto of the poet will be viewed hereafter by pilgrims from all parts of the world; and the next year, on the death of Pope, he produced a copy of verses, in which he speaks of himself as the poet's humblest friend, and of the grateful tear he has to pay to so honoured a memory.

As a publisher he did not confine his attention to the manuscripts submitted to his judgment: but carried out happy suggestions of his own. Thus we owe to him that excellent collection of our old plays, known as Dodsley's Collection, of which the first edition, in ten neat pocket-volumes, included fifty plays. To this sensible and industrious man we are indebted for that collection of scattered poetry of his own time, still known as Dodsley's Collection, to which he was fond of appealing, and of which the first edition, in three volumes, appeared in seventeen hundred and forty-eight. To the same tact in supplying the public we were indebted for an evening newspaper—The London Chronicle, or Universal Evening Post, that rendered admirable service in its day; it was published thrice a week, and had the largest continental sale of any newspaper of its time. But a greater obligation that we owe to him is that of the Annual Register, which still usefully exists, and which Robert Dodsley had the sense to start, and to employ as its editor a young man then but little known—Edmund Burke. Few booksellers have been more happy in their judgment of what is good than the livery-servant turned publisher. "Dodsley," said Johnson, "first mentioned to me the scheme of an English Dictionary, but I had long thought of it."

It has been well remarked that the successors of The Spectator and the Tatler, even those that have been most popular, have not been fortunate in their titles. There is, however, an exception, and that is in the title of The World, to which Lord Chesterfield and Horace Walpole were among the earliest and most constant contributors. This significant title was given to it by the sensible publisher of it, Mr. Robert Dodsley, who at a meeting held for the purpose of a name, universally gave the preference to his proposal to any they had suggested themselves, or had heard suggested. A happy title, it has been said, is half a success.

It was the good fortune of Dodsley to rank among his friends the best authors of the age in which he lived, and to have been the publisher of some of the best. I have already enumerated Pope, Dr. Young, Akenside, the two Wartons, and Dr. Johnson; I have now to add Shenstone, Bishop Percy, Spence, and John Dyer to the list of authors who were often at Tully's Head, and that, from Dodsley's shop in Pall Mall issued the first edition of Gray's Elegy, of Gray's Odes, of Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes, of Goldsmith's first work, of Sterne's Tristram Shandy, and of Percy's Reliques.

Johnson was particularly partial to Dodsley, or Doddy, as he delighted to call him. Doddy gave him one hundred pounds for his tragedy of Irene, and fifteen guineas for his Vanity of Human Wishes; the former sum was too much, the latter too little.

Whilst Dodsley was busy concocting new publications to take the taste of the town, he published a poem of his own in blank verse called Public Virtue, and sought to pit, box, and gallery it by a tragedy called Cleone. The poem was a failure (Public Virtue he discovered was not a subject to interest the age), but the tragedy was a hit. Cleone had been refused by Garrick, then manager supreme at Drury Lane. This was galling to a man who had given laws to letters for some twenty years, and was still a judge looked up to by young and old. But the success of the play was not a little annoying to Garrick. They had quarreled about its appearance, they had now a new quarrel about its success, and it was said by Johnson could not *conveniently* quarrel any more. The first night of Cleone, a Tragedy, was Saturday, the second of December, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-eight, and on Sunday morning the manager wrote to the bookseller sincerely congratulating him upon his last night's success. In the same brief letter Garrick expressed the concern with which he had heard from some of Dodsley's friends, that his appearance in a new part on the same night, was designed to be detrimental to his play, and a wish to be informed how he could best support his interest in its continued success. To this Dodsley replied somewhat haughtily wishing that he could have thanked him for contributing in any way to its success. Garrick acknowledges the peevish answer of the poet-publisher to his well-meant proposal, and sinks in his address from "Dear Sir" to "Master Robert Dodsley." The letters may be seen in the Garrick Correspondence, though wrongly dated there. In any future edition of Boswell they should be particularly referred to in illustration of Johnson's letter about Garrick and Cleone.

Dodsley was present the first night, and could not have failed to contrast his then appearance, rich and successful and his own master, with his early attendance in livery in the footman's gallery, to carry a flambeau in the streets before his mistress's chair. "Cleone was well acted," says Dr. Johnson, writing to Langton, "but Bellamy left nothing to be desired. I went the first night, and supported it as well as I might; for Doddy you know is my patron, and I would not desert him. The play was very well received. Doddy, after the danger was over, went every night to the stage-side, and cried at the distress of poor Cleone." To this account we are enabled to add two illustrations new to the editors of Boswell. Dodsley dedicated his play to the witty Earl of Chesterfield, and I have seen a letter from the earl to the poet, in which he says, "you should also instruct the actors not to mouth out the y in the name of Siffroy, as if they were crying oysters." The other illustration is more important. Johnson's picture of Doddy at his own play is supported by Churchill.

> Let them with Dodsley wail Cleone's woes
> Whilst he, fine feeling creature all in tears,
> Melts as they melt, and weeps with weeping peers.

Long after Dodsley's death, Mrs. Siddons appeared as Cleone. Doddy would have died of mixed grief and delight had he lived to see Mrs. Sidons in his favourite character. But Mrs. Siddens could not support the play, and Cleone has joined the limbo of abdicated and rejected pieces.

Doddy was now rich and well to do, with a brother as a partner, to assist him in his business; keeping good company, and enjoying himself at his own table, in the society of the best authors. His liberality was long remembered. Three-and-thirty years after his death, the elegance and hospitality of the house at Tully's Head are recorded, in print, by the elder Warton. "I reflect with pleasure," he says, "on the number of eminent men I have met at Dodsley's table." "The true Noctes Atticæ," Johnson used to say, "are revived at honest Dodsley's house." Nor was he ashamed of his early condition in the world. When Boswell observed, that Mr. Robert Dodsley's life should be written, "I doubt," said Johnson, "whether Dodsley's brother would thank a man who should write his Life; yet Dodsley himself was not unwilling that his original low condition should be recollected. When Lord Lyttleton's Dialogues of the Dead came out, one of which is between Apicus, an ancient epicure, and Dartiqueneuve, a modern epicure, Dodsley said to me, 'I knew Dartiqueneuve well, for I was once his footman."

This modest, clever, and useful man (whose features have been preserved by the pencil of Sir Joshua) died at Durham, in the year seventeen hundred and sixty-four, while on a visit to his friend, Mr. Spence, then a prebendary of that cathedral, and was buried on the north side of the cathedral, beneath a stone recently repaired by the interposition of the Rev. James Raine, the friend of Surtees, and the learned continuator of his History of Durham. If Dodsley were but a poor poet, he did not die of a poet's complaint. The disease that carried him off was gout. His old master could not have died of a more epicurean complaint.

I cannot quit this subject without referring to another case of a man emancipating himself from the badge of livery and soaring into public distinction—of one who rose from being footman to a duchess, to be his Majesty's postmaster-general, and whose only child was that secretary of state—to whom Addison bequeathed his works, in an exquisite Dedication, well known to all readers of a classic author, and whose early death Pope bewailed, in a poem of great beauty. The father of Mr. Secretary Craggs was nothing more considerable at his first appearance in the world than footman to Lady Mary Mordaunt; and yet, as Lady Wortley Montagu informs us, the meanness of his education never appeared in his conversation. —*Household Words.*

THE SPRINGFIELD BALLAD.

IN a "History of Western Massachusetts" we find the following account of a well-known ballad:

"On the 7th of August, 1761, occurred an event which has been celebrated in song. It is doubtful whether any piece of American doggerel has been so fortunate in the term of its perpetuation. It relates to the death of Timothy Merrick, from the bite of a rattlesnake, and has been added to and modified until the versions of it are numberless. The verses are said to have been written by a young woman to whom the unfortunate man was engaged to be married. A gravestone still marks the place where he sleeps, but the ballad, of which the following is an authentic copy, preserved in the family, bids fair to outlast the marble:"

> "On Springfield mountains there did dwell
> A likely youth was known full well
> Lieutenant Merrick onley son
> A likeley youth near twenty one
>
> "One friday morning he did go
> in to the medow and did mow
> A round or two then he did feal
> A pisen serpent at his heal.
>
> "When he received his deadly wound
> he dropt his sythe upon the ground
> And strate for home wase his intent
> Calling aloude still as he went.
>
> "tho all around his voys was hered
> but none of his friends to him apierd
> they thought it was some workmen called
> and there poor Timothy alone must fall.
>
> "So soon his Carfull father went
> to seak his son with discontent
> and there his fond only son he found
> ded as a stone a pon the ground.
>
> "And there he lay down sopose to rest
> withe both his hands Across his brest
> his mouth and eyes closed fast
> And there poor man slept his last,
>
> "his father viende his track with greate concerne
> Where he had ran across the corn
> unevin tracks where he did go
> did appear to stagger two and frow,
>
> "The seventh of August sixty-one
> this fatull axidint was done
> Let this a warning be to all
> to be prepared when god does call."

INSECT CURIOSITIES.

AMONG the many marvels which are continually before our eyes, there are few more worthy of observation, or which more forcibly illustrate the condescending wisdom and beneficence of the great Maker of all things, than the wonderful instincts, if instincts they are to be called, implanted in the minutest creatures, to enable them to provide for their hourly wants, and to secure the welfare of the progeny, which, in the case of insects, for the most part come into existence after the death of the parent. We demur somewhat at the word "instinct," because, from occasional observation of the doings of these little creatures, and from what we have read of the observations of others, persons of very good authority, we feel inclined to question the appropriateness of the term. It is our object at present to bring together a few of the characteristic performances of the insect race, some of which have passed under our own notice, while for others we are indebted to the writings of a celebrated naturalist, Rymer Jones, from whose second volume on the "Natural History of Animals," we shall make a few abbreviated selections. We shall confine our instances to the facts which we have personally observed, and to others already recorded, but not generally known.

The most casual observer must have remarked at times, in field or garden, upon the leaf of an oak, or some fruit-bearing tree, a brownish patch of a downy texture, looking not very unlike a mole on the human skin. Did he ever imagine that this was a moth's nest? "Several kinds of moths," says Rymer Jones, "construct very beautiful and curious nests, impervious to wet, and entirely composed of hair stripped from their own bodies. With this material, which they tear off by means of their pincer-like ovipositor, they first form a soft couch on the surface of some leaf; they then place upon it, successively, layers of eggs, and surround them with a similar downy coating; afterwards, when the whole number is deposited, they cover the surface with a roof of hairs, the disposition of which cannot be too much admired: those used for the interior of the nest are scattered without order, but those that are placed externally are arranged with as much art and skill as the thatch of a cottage, and as effectually keep out water; one layer of these hairs partially overlaps another, and, all having the same direction, the whole resembles a well-brushed piece of shaggy cloth or fur. When the mother has finished this labour, which often occupies her for twenty-four hours, and sometimes for even twice that period, her body, which before was extremely hairy, is rendered almost wholly naked; she has stripped herself to clothe her offspring, and having performed this last duty of her life, she dies."

Many have seen the chrysalis of the butterfly hanging by its tail to a leaf of the hawthorn or a rose-bush, without perhaps considering how the caterpillar accomplished the business of suspending himself by the tail by means of silk spun from his mouth, while encased in a skin which must be cast off before the process is finished. Let us see how he sets about it. "When the caterpillar has selected an object to which it proposes suspending itself, the first process is to spin upon it a little hillock of silk, consisting of loosely interwoven threads; it then bends its body so as to insinuate the anal pair of prolegs amongst these threads in which the little crotchets which surround them become so strongly entangled as to support its weight with ease. It now hangs perpendicularly from its silken support, with its head downwards. In this position it often remains for twenty-four hours, at intervals alternately contracting and dilating itself. At length the skin is seen to split on the back, near the head, and a portion of the pupa appears, which, by repeated swellings, acts like a wedge, and rapidly extends the slit towards the tail. By the continuance of these alternate contractions and dilations of the conical pupa, the skin of the caterpillar is at last collected in folds near the tail, like a stocking which we roll upon the ankle before withdrawing it from the foot. But now comes the important operation. The pupa being much shorter than the caterpillar, is yet at some distance from the silken hillock upon which it is to be fastened; it is supported merely by the unsplit terminal portion of the latter's skin. How shall it disengage itself from this remnant of its case, and be suspended in the air while it climbs up to its place! Without arms or legs to support itself, the anxious spectator expects to see it fall to the earth. His fears, however, are vain; the supple segments of the pupa's abdomen serve in the place of arms. Between two of these, as with a pair of pincers, it seizes on a portion of the skin, and bending its body once more, entirely extricates its tail from it. It is now wholly out of the skin, against one side of which it is supported, but yet at some distance from the leaf. The next step is to climb up to the required height. For this purpose it repeats the same ingenious manœuvre; making its cast off skin serve as a sort of ladder, it successively, with different segments, seizes a higher and a higher portion, until in the end it reaches the summit, where, with its tail, it feels for the silken threads which are to support it. But how can the tail be fastened to them? This difficulty has been provided against by Creative Wisdom. The tail of the pupa is furnished with numerous little hooks pointing in different directions, and some of these hooks are sure to fasten themselves upon the silk the moment the tail is thrust amongst it. Its labours are now nearly completed; but one more exertion remains: it seems to have as great an antipathy to its cast-off skin as one of us would when newly clothed, after a long imprisonment, to the filthy prison-garments we had put off. It will not suffer this memento of its former state to remain near it, and it is therefore no sooner suspended in security than it endeavours to make it fall. For this end, it seizes with its tail the threads to which the skin is fastened, and then very rapidly whirls itself round, often not fewer than twenty times. By this manœuvre it generally succeeds in breaking them, and the skin falls down. Sometimes, however, the first attempt fails; in that case, after a moment's rest, it makes a second, twirling itself in an opposite direction; and this is rarely unsuccessful. Yet now and then it is forced to repeat its whirling not less than four or five times; and Réaumur has seen instances where the feet of the skin were so firmly hooked that, after many fruitless efforts, the pupa, as if in despair, gave up the task, and suffered it to remain. After these exertions, it hangs the remainder of its existence in this state, until the butterfly is disclosed."

Some larvæ, in an equally ingenious manner, suspend themselves horizontally, by means of a girth of silk wound many times round their bodies. Others, the leaf-rolling caterpillars, roll up a portion of a leaf of a plant in the form of a cylinder, in the interior of which they spin their cocoons, and pass their pupa condition. The work is managed thus: the little labourer first begins by spinning silken threads, which it fastens to the edge of the leaf by one end, whilst the other is attached to a distant part of the leaf's surface; she then pulls at these cables, one after another, with her feet, so as at each effort to bend the edge of the leaf a little inwards, in which position she fastens it by means of additional threads. This operation is repeated again and again; and as the ropes are thus progressively shortened, the leaf becomes gradually folded more and more, until at length it is bent into a roll, and securely tied in that position by innumerable silken filaments of sufficient strength to resist the resiliency of the material employed.

The above instances of ingenuity, which, were it necessary, we might multiply a hundredfold, show the insect providing for its self-preservation, or for the preservation of its offspring. Let us glance as briefly at the singular measures which some of them adopt, and the management they display in procuring food. The ant-lion, which in its perfect state closely resembles the dragon-fly, is in its larvæ condition more like a spider in the shape of its body; it has a small head, a very movable neck, and jaws like a strong pair of callipers, toothed along their inner margin. This creature will feed only on such game as he catches himself; nevertheless, he is unable to hunt even the slowest-paced insects, for not only are his movements excessively tardy, but from the construction of his legs, he is only able to move backwards. But as he cannot go in quest of his prey, it must come to him—so he employs a stratagem, by the effect of which the game positively falls into his jaws. Selecting a sandy soil, and choosing a situation beneath the shelter of some wall or tree, so as to be protected as much as possible from rain, the ant-lion proceeds to excavate a pit, which he accomplishes by throwing out the sand with his long jaws, walking backwards round and round until a deep conical excavation is formed in the loose sand, at the bottom of which he buries himself, remaining quietly concealed, with the exception of his jaws, which are kept half open and ready for action. No sooner does a thoughtless insect approach the fatal pitfall, than the loose sides giving way beneath its feet, the unfortunate traveller is precipitated to the bottom of the ant-lion's den, and falls at once into the jaws of its destroyer. The insect sometimes perceives the danger, and tries to lay hold of the grains of sand at the border of the dreadful gulf: some yield beneath its feet, and it sinks lower and lower still; at last, with desperate efforts, it succeeds in getting hold of some piece of earth more stable than the rest, whereby it holds, or even attempts to regain the top of the dangerous steep; but the bandit has still a resource to enable him to secure his escaping prey; with the top of his flattened head, which he uses as a shovel, he throws up a deluge of sand, which, falling in showers upon the miserable victim, already exhausted with its futile efforts, soon brings it to the bottom, there to become an easy prey to the ruthless savage.

It is interesting and amusing at times to watch the motions of a working bee in its busy pursuit after the two things which constitute its treasures, the pollen and the honey. The visit which it pays to each flower is of short duration, and, according to our experience, it invariably helps itself to pollen first, and to honey, if there be any, which is not always the case, afterwards. Honey, indeed, in the proper sense of the word, it does not get at all from the flowers; but it sucks a sweet fluid, which is afterwards elaborated into honey in its own stomach, and thence regurgitated into the waxen cells of the hive. We may add, moreover, that the bee does not collect the wax, as some suppose; the wax being nothing more than a secretion from its own body, a provision of nature for the exigencies of its architecture. The bee appears to sweep the pollen together, making besoms of its hairy hind-legs, and then in a manner to dredge it into certain small receptacles on the outward surface of its thighs. This is not always a silent process, but is mostly accompanied with a subdued hum, while the performer straddles and fidgets about, sweeping the whole calyx of the flower, by no means in a neat and cleanly fashion, and leaving a portion for the next comer. The sucking process, however—by which it is to be supposed he pumps the sweet fluid which is to become honey, into his stomach—is always one of profound stillness, and it is to be hoped of enjoyment as well. It happens sometimes that the industrious and thirsty gentleman is balked, after having secured the polen, in his attempts to get at the delicious nectar; but if he is perplexed, it is but for a moment if he cannot get at it one way, he tries another. Look at him engaged with a larkspur in full bloom. There is but little pollen or bee-bread to be got from this flower, and he has soon done with the open blossom; but the larkspur wears a long and slightly curling horn in the rear, which sticks out like an old gentleman's pigtail in a picture; and in that, at the very extremity of it, is the fluid which Master Bee is in search of. To reach it at the natural opening is out of the question. The orifice would not admit the smallest pin's head, and the tube is two-thirds of an inch long. What does he do? He quietly crawls round to the end of the tube, and by means of some apparatus with which a kind Providence has furnished him, drills a small hole in the extremity of it, inserts his pumping engine, and drains the vessel dry. We are not aware that this curious circumstance has been remarked before; but we have watched the operation many times in our own garden. Upon plucking the flowers thus rifled and examining them, we found the holes neatly drilled, the soft fibre of the flower being removed in the operation, the whole being clean, without jagged edges, and not larger than would be made by the puncture of a shirt-maker's needle. Any person who is sceptical as to the object of the bee in this proceeding, may, by biting off the ends of a few of these larkspur tubes, taste very perceptibly the saccharine matter which attracts him. Is this also an instinct?—*Leisure Hour.*

"AMERICANISMS."

MR. COLERIDGE, in the second volume of "Table Talk" (July 8, 1832), expressed himself as follows: "I regret to see that vile and barbarous vocable, *talented*, stealing out of the newspapers into the leading reviews and most respectable publications of the day. Why not *shillinged*, *farthinged*, *tenpenced*, &c.? The formation of a participle passive from a noun is a license that nothing but a very peculiar felicity can excuse. If mere convenience is to justify such attempts upon the idiom, you cannot stop till the language becomes, in the proper sense of the word, corrupt. *Most of these pieces of slang come from America.*" "They do," adds Mr. Hartley N. Coleridge, in a foot note, apparently with an emphasis.

Mr. Coleridge very frequently adverted to the excessive sensitiveness of Americans to praise or censure from English writers, and philosophized not a little concerning its cause. When Captain Basil Hall published his work on America, detailing our cis-Atlantic weaknesses, Coleridge affirmed that "most of them made him like the Yankees all the better." "How much more amiable," said he, "is the American fidgetiness and anxiety about the opinion of other nations, and especially of the English, than the John Bullism which affects to despise the sentiments of the rest of the world!"

We regard Mr. Coleridge as the very highest authority as to the import of *words*. Yet we are not sure but that his philosophical skill in the analysis of language, and his constant habit of tracing the pedigree of words, from a secondary to a primary sense, may not occasionally have led him to a degree of hypercriticism.

In common with himself, we dislike the particular word upon which Mr. Coleridge commented in the above extract. We never suffer ourselves to use it. Nevertheless, if we were disposed to defend it, we could plead analogy in its favour. Mr. Coleridge himself very frequently uses the words *bigoted* and *turreted*, which are formed as participles, though there is no corresponding verb. But we have adverted to the subject, just now, for the purpose of saying that many so-called innovations or corruptions of the English language, which are imputed to an American origin, have a very different parentage. Many of the words and phrases which our learned countryman, the late John Pickering, has introduced into his vocabulary as among those which have been supposed to be peculiar to the United States of America, may be found in the most elegant and classical of English authors. The word *solemnize*, in the sense of *to make serious*, has been almost universally stigmatized as an Americanism; yet it is used in that very manner by Robert Hall, than whom few have ever written the English tongue with more classical correctness. "As the duties of the closet have the happiest tendency, by *solemnizing* and elevating the mind," &c., [On Hearing the Word of God].

Usage sometimes gives a restricted sense to a word, any departure from which afterwards is judged an impropriety and inaccuracy. The word *sick* is at present used in English to describe *nausea* at the stomach, while the word *ill* denotes any ailment or affection of the health. A young American, not many years ago, mounting the top of the stage-coach for a drive from Oxford to London, found himself in company with several distinguished savans of the University, among whom was the late Dr. Buckland. In the course of an animated and cheerful conversation, it happened that our countryman made use of the word *sick*, in reference to one who was then prostrate with long illness. Dr. Buckland immediately cried out, "Oh, I see you are an American, for no Englishman ever used that word in such a sense." So it was, that our friend had his wits and his memory at command, for he immediately quoted from that good old "well of English undefiled," "and Peter's wife's mother lay *sick* of a fever." The learned Professor admitted the authority, and magnanimously confessed that modern usage had departed from the ancient standard.

Travellers from England and the Southern States have made not a little sport at the use, in New England, of the word *slim*. Well do we remember the merriment of a very distinguished man from Virginia, when describing the use of this provincialism, as he first heard it in Massachusetts. "Would you believe it," said he, "I asked a man of stout dimensions, on a certain day, how he was, and he said he felt quite *slim*." Yes, he actually said he *was slim*." And the circumstance was always narrated with the heartiest laugh. Now we are inclined to believe that the word in question is simply and purely classical. Johnson condemns the word as *cant*. Addison uses it in the sense of *ordinary* or *mean*. But the old Saxon word, as every one familiar with German knows, is *Schlimm*—which means *ill*. So that in despite of those English critics, who ridicule the word as an American provincialism, we maintain its absolute and classical correctness. The mistake is in orthography, and in confounding two words which are quite distinct.

Another instance of the same kind comes to mind. *Chore* is a word of very frequent use in New-England. To *do chores* is an expression in that part of the country, which has provoked smiles and wonder. The mistake is simply in spelling and pronunciation. The correct word is *char*. This is found in Walker, and indeed in all English authorities. It is not a provincialism at all, though frequently quoted as such.

> "As the maid that milks,
> And does the meanest *chars*."
> SHAKSPEARE.

We have observed great diversity in the pronunciation of the word in the different parts of Great Britain. In England generally it is heard like *chair*. In some counties it is pronounced as *cheure*, which approximates to the New England pronunciation. In Ireland they retain the pronunciation which conforms to its orthography, rhyming with *tar*. But it is obviously a good old English word of classical usage, and no Americanism at all.

We may advert to this subject again. We would not be fastidious nor vulgar in the use of words. Mr. Fox in his preface to his History of James the Second, speaking of his intentions, said he would "admit no word into his book for which he had not the authority of Dryden." We cannot but regard the partiality for one author, even though that author be "glorious John," as the extreme of fastidiousness. On the other hand, let us avoid whatever tends to change and corrupt our noble tongue.

We have done some new *things* in America, for which we must be allowed to have *some* new *words*.—*Evangelist.*

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SPRING FLOWERS.

> THE flowers of Spring have come once more,
> The gay, the gentle flowers;
> They scatter all their sweetness o'er
> This fair, bright land of ours.
> The pale Spring beauty lifts her cup,
> Veined o'er with faintest rose,
> While frail anemonies look up
> And soft their lips unclose;
> And butter-cups their vases fill
> With beams of purest gold.
> We loved them as a child, and still
> They gladden as of old.
> And in the fields, on every side
> Where the ferns and grasses grow,
> Gay painted cups,* all scarlet-dyed,
> With the tender violets blow—
> Blue violets, bathed in morning dew,
> The fairest flowers of Spring!
> That thrill the inmost being through
> With the fresh glad thoughts they bring.
> From crowded homes in narrow courts,
> With their faces pale and worn,
> The little children wander forth
> On the clear, still sabbath morn;
> O'er field and marsh, in forest bowers,
> Their tireless footsteps stray—
> To gather pure thoughts with the flowers
> They bear with them away.
> And poor, tired wanderers that come
> From lands beyond the sea,
> Leave want and care, once more to roam
> Where winds go wandering free.
> And like friends faces that their eyes
> Had thought to see no more,
> Are flowers they loved 'neath dearer skies
> Seen on a foreign shore.
> O not alone to gladden those
> Who move on a thornless way,
> God sends each little flower that blows
> To bask in the morning ray!
> But He gives to all—as the light and dew
> Which bless this earth of ours—
> As His love is spread the wide world through,
> So live and bloom the flowers.
>
> T. E. D.

*Castillya Coccinea.

REMARKS ON KOSSUTH'S REPLY TO FRIENDS.

AMONGST the tens of thousands to whose addresses, as taken from the London Directory, the Committee of the Quarterly Meeting of London and Middlesex have sent the "Christian Appeal" on the subject of war, Louis Kossuth, the illustrious Hungarian refugee, has, it seems, received a copy. He has read it earnestly, and finding, probably, for the first time in his life, the peace-breathing doctrines of the Sermons on the Mount reduced to practical application to the affair of the world, he has seen that such doctrines must shiver the sword and break the bow—paralyze the hand of violence, and take from him, and those who think with him, the armour and the weapons in which alone, or primarily, they seem to trust.

So the eloquent Chief, to whom the pen is as familiar as the sword, has